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ADAM AND EVE.

BY F. E. WEATHERLY.

We walk in Eden, lady fair,
I dare not say how long ago;
I praised the glory of your hair,
For you were lovely then, I know,
I loved, and swore you were to me
The only woman in the world,
But, when I bent upon my knee,
Your little lip with laughter curled.
Ah me! my discontented Eve!
Ah! hapless me, a love-sick Adam,
I loved you deeply, I believe,
And yet you scorned me, my dear madam.

You have an Eden, lady, still,
With scores of Adams at your feet,
And doubtless all their hearts you fill.
And doubtless they believe you sweet.
And yet you squeeze my fingers, too,
And look with your bewitching eyes,
But what am I to such as you?
You cannot care for such a prize.
No, no, my sweet, my tempting Eve,
I cannot, dare not, be your Adam,
To other lovers let me leave
The apple, if you please, dear madam!

LADY LINTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

GAUNTLY HOUSE is one of a row of splendid houses with stone porticoes; the two others are numbered and nameless but "Gauntly House" is written on the gate posts of the Gauntly House—for the convenience of cab-drivers, I suppose.

There are very handsome curtains to the windows, and in one hangs a cockatoo in faience.

There are two bells, with brass handles that might be gold, with little plates underneath telling which is for servants and which is for visitors; and there is a large handsome knocker on the door as well.

I concluded from these observations that Mr. and Mrs. Gower were very solicitous for the convenience of people coming to their house, and, very grand also.

I wished, though there had been another plate to say whether I should knock or ring.

The inside of the house was just as stately as the outside.

I passed through a small kind of vestibule where there were two chairs and a table, a barometer for people sitting there to amuse themselves with, and a stag's head by way of ornament, which recalled the British Museum to my mind, it looked so very lifeless and sad.

I was shown into the room where hung the faience cockatoo, and there I waited, wondering why that cockatoo was hung in the window, until Mrs. Gower came into the room.

I knew her directly.

She is so in character with her house, so dignified and stately; there is no sort of nonsense about her.

I can almost believe that had I, for the first time, seen her looking out of the window with the cockatoo, I might, after being deceived by the first glance at the bird, have doubted for a moment whether the woman was not of faience also.

"You are the young person who advertised in the *Times*, I suppose?" she said in a freezing tone of voice.

"Yes. My name is Gertrude Graham."

"I asked, because it is very unusual for young persons seeking a situation as governess to go about in hansom cabs."

"I didn't know there was a special vehicle for governesses," I said.

"You do not pretend to be facetious, Miss Graham, I hope?" she said, looking harder and more severe than ever.

"Oh, no, indeed!"

I should as soon have thought of joking with one of the mummies in the Egyptian department of the British Museum; but I did not say so, of course.

"I should be very much obliged if you would tell me how I ought to have come here."

"A four-wheeled cab would be more appropriate to one in your position."

"Thank you. I was told they were for people who couldn't get into hansoms. I have been in London only a very short time."

"You are staying at a hotel. Have you no friends in London?"

"None. I hope you do not disapprove of my staying at a hotel?"

"No. Perhaps, having no friends and knowing nothing of London, you did well to go to one of the best, if your means allow you to. You have chosen certainly one of the most expensive."

"I have made no inquiry as to the price I am to pay."

Mrs. Gower looked at me in silence for a few moments, with an expression that seemed to imply that I was the most singular young woman she had ever had to do with; and then—

"You have been in a situation before?" she asked.

"No. I have lived with my father all my life in France. He was a student, an author, a writer of great books. When he died, I was left without a single parent. I came to London to sell the dictionary he had taken many years to write, and which he believed would provide me with a competency.

"But for various reasons the publishers decline to buy the work. That obliges me to earn my living.

"I am more capable of teaching French than of doing anything else well; that is why I have come to you.

"Now I have told you all that I can tell you.

"If you wish to know more, I will give the address of some families in France who have known me since my infancy, and also of Monsieur le Cure."

I saw the immediate advantage of following John Brown's advice.

It put a stop to a line of questioning which seemed to me rather impertinent.

Mrs. Gower found nothing to say, but sat looking at me with a kind of forlorn haughtiness in silence for a minute or so.

"I am afraid by your reference to the Cure, that you are a Roman Catholic," she said.

"No. Papa refused to let me take any of the sacraments, thinking it wrong for young people with immature judgment to pledge themselves to a faith which wiser and older persons were not agreed upon."

Mrs. Gower tapped her knuckles with the *pince nez* reflectively, and said—

"Being the daughter of a literary man, and having lived in France all your life, you should be a mistress of both the English and French languages; but, at the same time, I should have preferred a young person of more experience—one who understands the routine of teaching, and whose acquaintance with the manners of English society would be a safeguard against her making those social errors which it is evident you are liable to fall into."

I said nothing.

I thought of Mere Lucas at market, who, before asking the price of the fowl or rabbit she wanted to buy, took care to represent that it was not of the kind she liked, and made a great pretence of not wishing to have it at all, in order that it might be offered to her at the very lowest possible figure.

"Young persons in your position also," she continued, "are inclined to be independent and unwilling to comply with the regulations of the house they enter as employees, under the impression that their former condition entitles them to special privileges."

"I hope to be independent and mindful of my duties at the same time."

"And what salary may you require?"

"I really cannot say. I want enough to pay for my clothes; but I do not know how much they will cost."

"There is a very excellent work published showing how one can dress like a lady on five pounds a year.

"Living in the house and having no occasion to go out of it except with my children or me, you will be at no expense whatever beyond your clothing.

"Of course, as I said, there are many inconveniences to me in taking an inexperienced teacher, while to you the advantages of obtaining a situation in my house are very considerable. I think therefore that if I offer you twelve pounds a year ——"

"Oh, that's ample!" I cried, astonished by her generosity.

"Of course you cannot be teaching all day; in your spare time you will have no objection to make yourself useful.

"My daughter Gwendoline is in very delicate health, and the doctor has prescribed exercise and amusement for her. I should wish you to take her for a walk every day up the Camden Road, talking to her in French upon the objects of interest that you encounter, so that she may obtain health and entertainment and instruction at the same time."

"I shall be glad to do everything I can for her good. Will there be only one child to teach?"

"Only one child of mine. The three daughters of Mr. Gower by his former marriage will require instruction. Their education has been extremely neglected, I regret to say. They are out at the present moment. Are you fond of needlework, Miss Graham?"

"Yes."

"I have a dressmaker in the house occasionally, and as we all are busy at that time I should expect you to assist."

I thought of what John Brown had said; but, as a little employment with the needle is pleasant at times, and Mrs. Gower had shown great generosity in the matter of payment, I saw no reason to make objections which I did not feel; and so, after a little more conversation of an unimportant kind, I left Mrs. Gower, who promised to write to me as soon as she had decided to accept my services or not.

* * * * *

July 10.

I sent a telegram to John Brown, telling him that Mrs. Gower has engaged me as teacher to the children, and that I am in the very best health and spirits.

I have been anxious to let him know this.

July 11.

I am writing in my little room at the top of Gauntly House; the cook sleeps in the next room.

I took care to come in a four-wheeled cab, and Mrs. Gower had me into the cockatoo room and told me that her husband was well acquainted with my father's writings, and that she had concluded to engage me on that recommendation without writing to my acquaintance in Neufbourg, as she considered it her duty to take me from the hotel with as little delay as possible.

She then acquainted me with certain rules of conduct she wished me to observe, and afterwards took me into the "study," where I was introduced to my new pupils.

Gwendoline is a pallid child of ten or eleven years, with a languid irresponsive manner which may be the result of feeble health.

Edith is sixteen, Beatrice is eighteen, and Maud is about my own age; all three are robust, fair, good-looking girls, with well-opened eyes and a frank, rather bold bearing.

One was playing the piano, another was drawing with the aid of a stump and a large well-worn piece of India-rubber and the third was catechising Gwendoline on the verb "*avoir*" when we entered the room.

Only the moment before the door was opened I heard nothing of the piano or the verb "*avoir*," but a great confusion of sound, as though they were all chattering together.

I began to teach as soon as I came down from my room, under Mrs. Gower's direction, and the four girls were very attentive until their mamma was called away to entertain a visitor.

The moment the door closed behind her the three elder girls put down their books, and, gathering about me, began to talk, and all together, ask me more questions than ever I could reply to.

Was I engaged?

That was the first. Were the young men in France nice?

Did I like five-o'clock teas? Was I a flirt?

Did I like Ouida's novels? Would I like them to get one from the library for me without "ma" knowing anything about it?

Was I awfully strict? Was I firm? Was I a teetotaler?

Would I prefer to go to the theatre and see one of Gilbert's "jolly" operas, or to the Albert Hall and sit out an oratorio?

Did not I know what an oratorio was?

Did not I feel glad I did not know what an oratorio was? Did I like dancing?

Did not I think the redowa awfully nice?

Would I like to learn the redowa when "ma" went out?

Did not I like sitting on stairs and eating ices after dancing, and being awfully indiscreet?

Should not I like to dance in a ball-room?

Did not I think I should like it better than dancing in the open air under apple-trees, where there was a lurking horror in the shape of earwigs and long hairy caterpillars?

Did Frenchmen talk much rubbish between the dances?

Did not I think it absurd to sit beside an old lady, as I said, was the custom at fetes, and be with your partner only just whilst the music was going?

Did they never talk rubbish in compliments, and that sort of thing.

Did I like compliments?

Should not I like to have a "good long spoon"?

These are only a little of the questions they asked; and all were so odd and confusing that I hardly know how to reply, and in consequence gave one or two answers that made them scream with laughter, as they said—especially when, in reply to that about the spoon, I told them I had no preference for long spoons, except when my coffee was served in a long glass, and that I liked short ones quite as well if they were not unpleasant to my lips.

I can see now why they were so amused by this reply.

However, my responses upon the whole seemed to give them a very good opinion of me, so that at the end of twenty minutes Edith had her arm round my waist, and all three addressed me as "dear."

Then their confidence in me being fixed, their questions took a much less personal form.

"What do you think of ma?" asked one.

"Ain't she monumental?" asked another.

"Ain't she quite too awfully awful?" asked the third.

"I say, Edith, do you know what I always think of when I see ma walking along the street?"

"No. What?"

"A hearse-horse in a cheap funeral!"

At this there was a general peal of laughter, in which I could not help joining; for somehow their merriment was contagious, and there really was a kind of resemblance between the stately carriage and gloomy complexion of Mrs. Gower and the general look of a long-visaged black horse I had seen the day before drawing a funeral-hearse.

"I say, dear, have you heard anything yet about Lady Linton?" asked Beatrice, when the laughter was over.

"No. Who is Lady Linton?"

"Ma's daughter. Oh, you'll hear enough about her! She is our sister—very much removed, you know! Ma's been married twice, like pa. Her first husband's name was Gauntly. She's done her best to canonize him on the gate-posts. He was in a Government office——"

"I wish he was in a Government office now, for pa's sake."

"Yes, but not for ours. Pa wouldn't be so nice to us, you know, if ma didn't nag him so."

"Did ma read the Riot Act to you, dear, before she brought you up to me?"

"Don't interrupt like that, Maud—I'm telling ducky all about Lady Linton;" then, kissing me, Edith clasped my waist tighter, and, drawing me down upon a box that served as a receptacle for school-books, she continued, "Well, when ma was Mrs. Gauntly, she had a daughter—Elgitha—good name, isn't it?"

"I wish I had her hair," remarked Beatrice. "Oh, it is lovely!"

"I wish I had her figure—or, at any rate, one like it," said Maud.

"Oh, figures don't count for much now!" remarked Edith, who herself was very well formed. "I would rather have her face than anything."

"I'd rather be ten times plainer and uglier than I am," exclaimed Maud, who was neither plain nor ugly in the least—"ten times—rather than be as beautiful as Elgitha, if I had her disposition!"

"Oh, she's hateful!"

"Poor pa! Wasn't he to catch it between them?"

"So used we. She made our lives miserable—nasty deceitful thing! Don't you remember, Trix, when we were little tots, and pa was a widower, how she used to kiss us and make friends?

"And she wasn't more than fourteen then—a little hypocrite! I believe she knew just as well as her mother that it would be to their advantage for pa to marry Mrs. Gauntly."

"She's a nasty thing! I would believe anything against her. I know that, when her horrid ways made me feel spiteful, I used to pray that she might never marry any one, and that all the gentlemen who used to come and make love to her would one day turn round and have nothing to do with her.

"But then, when she made us more wretched, I altered my prayer, and asked that she might get married, in order that we should get rid of her!"

"Well, ducky," said Edith, coming back from this digression to the subject she started with, "she married Sir Gilbert Linton; and now she is Lady Linton."

"I wish he hadn't married her," said Beatrice.

"So do I. There might have been a chance for one of us," said Edith.

"Oh, I'm not thinking about that! It ain't likely that any one with a title will take us," said Maud.

"We're not handsome, and we're not accomplished, and we're not what ma calls 'carriage young ladies.'"

"Oh, and a good job too! I hate stuck-up people; don't you, dear?"—this to me.

Before I could reply that I did not quite understand what "stuck-up people" were, Maud continued—

"I'm just as sorry on his account as our own. Look how nice he was before he married, and see how dull and sour he is now!"

"I think all men are nicer before they marry than after."

"Ah, but he wouldn't have altered so if he had married a nice amiable girl—a really good girl, you know, with no nasty secrets! I wish one of us had found enough courage just to tell him what we knew about her before the marriage.

"It was a bad return for all his kindness to us to see him deceived without attempting to save him."

"Oh, it's all very well, Trix; but what girl could do that? 'Sides, he wouldn't have believed us, he was so over head and ears in love; and, if he hadn't attributed our action to jealousy, don't you think ma and Elgitha would have been sharp enough to explain things their own way, and cheat him after all?"

"It was cowardly of us, all the same, and cowardly of pa too. He knew all about it.

"I don't think Gilbert has ever forgiven us or him for our want of courage; he can't help despising us.

"He never comes to see us ducky," Maud continued, turning again to me; "and once he used always to be taking one or another of us out; now when we meet by accident, he always makes some sarcastic remark that stings just like a cut with a piece of whalebone."

"He never forgets our birthdays, though."

"No; but I'd rather by half—rather a hundred times that he'd just come and give me a good kind kiss, instead of sending a present with 'affectionate remembrances.' There's a kind of reproach in that—at any rate, I feel it so."

"Don't be hate ma!"

"Of course he does; she's too much part of her beloved daughter to be lovable or even likable. I believe he's as good as forbidden ma to go to the Abbey when he's there.

"She never goes till the day after she's received a letter from Elgitha. Haven't you noticed that?"

"Yes; and I wish she got a letter every other day."

At this moment the door opened sharply, but noiselessly, and the maid, putting her head into the room, made some movement with her lips, withdrew, and closed the door as suddenly and quietly as she had opened it.

"Ma's coming up," whispered Edith, disengaging her arm from my waist. And the three girls hurriedly took their seats at the table and began to find their places in the books they had thrown aside.

The behavior of the three step-daughters of Mrs. Gower had not surprised me so much as that of her own child Gwendoline.

This frail little creature took no part in the conversation, but, with her book upon her knees, sat by the corner of the table, listening with perfect composure to the vilification of her mother and sister.

There was something to my mind exceedingly pathetic in the child's apathy, for it proved that she received less kindness from her own mother than from her step-sisters.

But there was another explanation of her quiescence, for, while I was resuming my efforts to show the proper French pronunciation of the phrase "I have the gray goose of my uncle's friend," the question was rapidly whispered from one sister to the other—

"Who has the chocolate?" and, the sweetmeat being at length discovered in Maud's pocket, a piece was passed quickly under the table into little Gwendoline's expectant hand.

In the afternoon I took the child for a walk in the Camden Road; and, according to my instructions, I sought to amuse her by giving the French names for the objects of interest there.

But the Camden Road has so few interesting objects and Gwendoline seemed so entirely indifferent to their names, either French or English, that I gave up the attempt in despair, and, at the risk of incurring Mrs. Gower's censure, proceeded to tell her in English the story of "Riquette a la Houppe," which so enlivened her that she would not consent to go home until the tale was ended.

When Mrs. Gower asked her if she had enjoyed her walk, she replied without the slightest hesitancy—

"Yes, mamma; Miss Graham has been talking French to me all the time."

Here was a trial of conscience!

For a moment the falsehood, coming from those young lips, quite confounded me; the next I felt inclined to correct this statement; but reflecting that the child would probably be punished for her untruth, and that punishment would possibly make her more careful in future deceit, I resolved to correct her as best I might when we were alone.

I dined with Gwendoline in the study, and did not see Mr. Gower until I took her into the drawing-room to bid him good night, when, to my great astonishment, I perceived that he was the very gentleman who had followed John Brown from the bank and shaken hands with him in parting—at least, I feel sure it must be he, for he is short and stout with gray hair and a fat red shaven face, and he wears very stiff white collars that prevent him from moving his head without his body, and a very glossy suit of black cloth.

Moreover, I learnt from Edith that her papa was the manager of a branch bank—and it was certainly outside a bank of some sort that I saw just such a little gentleman.

It is not at all unlikely that John Brown after putting the advertisement in the *Times*, spoke to his friend about it, and that he has had something to do with my engagement.

I remember, when the letter was given me at the hotel, John Brown asked, in a tone of irritation, if there was no more than that one.

But clearly, if this is John Brown's friend, and I have procured my engagement through his agency, it is without the knowledge of Mrs. Gower, and in some sort of secret, or Mr. Gower would not have spoken to me as if he had never in his life heard of my existence.

CHAPTER VIII.

LADY LINTON'S DIARY CONTINUED—EXTRACTS.

JULY 12.

I took the occasion of my being alone this afternoon to talk seriously to Gwendoline concerning her falsehood.

She listened with as much surprise as is possible to her apathetic nature, but made no reply; like a grave little old woman, she seemed to be reflecting on what I had said.

When I began to give her the French words for "carts," "children," and the like she asked me to tell her a story, as I had done yesterday.

I promised to do this only on condition that, when she got home, she should tell the truth.

She nodded her head, and I narrated the history of Jean Pouce, bringing it to a conclusion when it was time to return to Gauntly House. Some time afterwards Mrs. Gower called me into the drawing-room and said—

"I find, Miss Graham, that, instead of amusing and instructing Gwendoline in the way I directed, you have chosen to do so upon a plan of your own. I do not find fault with that method, for my child evidently has profited more by the lesson of to-day than that of yesterday.

"She remembers perfectly the French words and phrases you introduced into your story and explained to her, whereas she could recall to memory none of the terms you used yesterday.

"What I object to is that you were secret in this matter.

"Had you proposed your scheme to me, I should doubtless have assented to it. You are young and inexperienced, and I readily look over this fault.

"But I wish you to understand that I abhor anything in the form of deception, and pride myself on keeping my family free from that vice.

"Nothing escapes me in this house; for, though my sweet Gwendoline is neither treacherous nor inclined to tell tales, she, from a sense of duty, informs me of any proceeding which shows a want of respect to me.

"Mr. Gower's daughters, I regret to say, from early associations and a want of proper education, have acquired tastes and a mode of expression highly objectionable, which I am endeavoring to correct.

"Not a vulgar word, not an inelegant gesture made in my absence, escapes my knowledge.

"Gwendoline acquaints me with everything.

"I tell you this that you may be more guarded in your future.

"That is all I have to say. Do not reply, if you please."

To-night, soon after I had come up to my room, the door opened, and the three sisters came in—to have a chat with me they said.

There being but one chair in my little room, Edith sat on my box and Beatrice beside me on the bed, Maud on the chair on a line with the door.

Holding up her hand, she showed me a piece of black cotton tied round her finger.

"Gwenny's got the other end; she's on the landing below, looking over the balusters, and, if she sees ma come out of the drawing-room, she'll give a pull; so there's no danger, and we can have a good long gossip."

I told them of my interview with Mrs. Gower and of Gwendoline's behavior.

"Oh, that's Gwenny all over!" said Beatrice.

"She's the artfullest little imp that ever lived! We three put together haven't as much cunning as she has in her little finger.

"If we want to get out of a scrape, we have only to appeal to her ingenuity. I'll be bound it would never have occurred to you to defend your own kindness to her as she has done.

"If you had said you did it to please the child, Mrs. G. would have told you that she was the best judge of what was right for her daughter, and forbidden you to tell her any more fairy tales.

"The child knew that, and, wanting to hear more tales, stored up in her fertile little brain all the words of French you perhaps told her without serious intention. Oh, she's deep!"

"There's not a day that she doesn't tell her mother something about us, but never anything that would cut off her chocolate or make us keep secrets from her."

"Isn't she just like Elgitha? Don't you remember, Trix, how she used to cheat her mother in the same way when she wanted to be good friends with us?"

"Yes, right up to the time you quarrelled with her and let out the secret."

"And nicely she served us all out for it afterwards!"

"Gwenny's just the same. You see; one of these days, when the truth comes out, she'll go over to her mother's side and find some means of humiliating us and making our lives wretched, exactly as her sister did."

"Surely," I said, "a child of eleven cannot be so wicked as you suggest?"

"But she is; it is in her nature. I don't believe all that stuff about children being angels.

"I think they may be just as good and simple, or as wicked and designing, as other people.

"If people are pure and spotless the first part of their life, why should they be incurably bad the latter part?

"Do you think anything would make you suddenly a scheming, designing, sly hypocrite, ducky?"

"I can't tell," said I. "I only know that it seems very shocking to think that a child has no option but to grow up a bad, deceitful woman."

We were all silent for a minute or two; and then Beatrice, speaking with her loud frank voice and putting out her lips with an air of decision, said—

"I don't know. Ducky's right, and so's Maud, I think. I don't pretend to be a philosopher; but I'll tell you what I think about Gwenny and children like her—they've got too much head and too little heart to be anything like ducky here."

"That's not much of a compliment to ducky's head."

"Never mind that; ducky don't want to be flattered.

"If I meant anything uncomplimentary, I shouldn't say it so openly perhaps. What I mean is this:

"If a child has a tender heart, she won't do anything to hurt any one willingly. Gwenny has no heart at all. It's only aches that make her cry.

"When we were all crying our eyes out over poor little Punch—that's our dear little dog, ducky, that was run over—Gwenny only asked if she might have his skin for a muff.

"She don't care for anything but chocolate and fairy-tales, and she'll do anything to get them.

"But look at her ingenuity and imagination!

"She'll give you a long account of something that happened in the street, with the minutest circumstances; and you couldn't detect that it was all a make-up if you weren't told that she had never been in in that street at all or seen anything of the kind she's been talking about. I don't call it wicked for a child like that to tell falsehoods, because she may do it without any wicked intention whatever.

"I believe Gwenny will be a clever woman, and that a really clever woman must have in her childhood certain peculiarities quite unlike those of ordinary woman—such as we shall be.

"I think circumstances have a great deal to do with what people become, and I believe that, under good conditions, Gwenny might become a brilliant and admired woman, and, under others, just such a woman as Elgitha."

"In that case," said I, "you oughtn't to bribe her to deceive her mother."

"Oh," cried Maud, "that's the best thing she can do!"

"Don't, Maud" remonstrated Beatrice; "ducky's not laughing."

"I'm not joking," replied Maud. "If we did all our plotting in bed, with our heads all together under the blankets, what good would that do to Gwenny? She'd creep up in the dark, or hide under the bed, or resort to some treachery more ingenious than I could think of, to find out what we were doing, and then she would repeat what she knew to her mother for what gain that would bring her. Do you think that would injure her character?"

We talked upon this subject until the cotton was pulled, and the three girls, after kissing me affectionately, slipped down-stairs with their shoes in their hands. And though I have considered the subject since, I can find no argument to upset Maud's theory concerning Gwendoline. But, as regards myself, I feel that I ought to tell Mrs. Gower all I know, though doubtless that would result in my discharge and make the girls no better; and then, again, I can hardly think that Mrs. Gower's elder daughters are more faulty than other girls.

They are quite truthful amongst themselves, and very amiable and good-hearted, so I might never be able to keep a situation at all if I had acted quite strictly upon principle.

Oh, I wish I had some wise guide to direct me in this matter!

I wonder what he would advise me to do?

If I could only ask him!

I almost hoped he would write a few words to me.

Three days have passed since I sent him that message by telegraph, and I have received no letter, and despair of getting one.

Perhaps it is best that I should master my difficulties alone.

He will certainly respect me more if I do; that is some consolation.

July 18.

I told the girls to-night that, unless they could come up to my room with their shoes on their feet, I would rather they did not come at all, and I protested as forcibly and reasonably as I could against their doing things secretly which they ought to do openly or not at all.

"Oh, you know well enough ma wouldn't let us come up if she knew it," said Maud, "and we will come and see you at night! It's the only time we can talk without reserve, and you're the only nice person in the house.

"You're the dearest darling that ever lived, ducky!"—and with that she began to kiss me.

"But don't you see that you are making me a party to your deception, and that it is unfair to place me in a position that I dislike very much?"

"Oh, you must put up with that for our sakes!" said Edith, who had seated herself on the other side of me and had her head pillowed upon my shoulder.

They laughed at this; but seeing that I would not yield and looked grave, Beatrice said—

"It isn't fair to ducky—that's true. She's too nice to tell of us, and it's horrid mean to take advantage of her kindness in that way! If she says we're not to come up, we must make up our minds not to come."

"Oh, I'm sick of making good resolutions!" said Maud. "We never can keep them."

"They only make you want all the more to do wrong," said Edith. "I see only one way in which ducky can keep us from coming up to see her, and that is to come down-stairs to see us."

This set them all laughing again.

"I suppose we appear awfully mean and cowardly to you ducky?" Beatrice said. "We're such hardened reprobates that we are scarcely conscious of our own voices. It isn't nice to be mean; but what can we do?

"What's the good of breaking out into open rebellion?

"We are sure to get the worst of it. You see what ma is; she could make life unendurable to us if she liked. There's no one to help us.

"Pa's just as weak as we are, and just as much afraid of ma."

This is quite true. He is afraid to look at me or speak to me in Mrs. Gower's presence.

Yet, if we meet by accident when she is away, he nods and smiles most pleasantly, and has even gone so far as to say, in a very low voice and rapidly as though he were afraid of being overheard or not getting the words out before the appearance of his wife, that the weather is very warm for the time of year.

Yesterday morning we met on the stairs, and he shook hands as he murmured in a low voice—

"How do you do, my dear?"

But this morning, when he came into the study with Mrs. Gower to bid his daughters good-bye, he made me only a smileless little bow, as though he had not seen me before.

I am resolved that, when next he offers me his hand, I will quietly refuse to take it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Waiting In Vain.

BY JOHN FROST.

BRILLIANT gas jets made the bazar of fashion a very Aladdin's palace in magnificence, and bright, rosy faces peeped out from coquettish hats, as fashionable beauties hesitated over the many exquisite fancies of taste and art spread before them.

These gay butterflies were in strange contrast to the sad-looking girls bending so wearily over the counters.

No eager expectation of coming happiness lighted their pale faces as they listlessly displayed slippers, lans, misty laces, loves of bonnets, music boxes, and all the thousand and one pretty things that go to make up a holiday stock.

One sad girl especially seemed almost dropping from weariness as she rested for a single moment from her labors and gazed listlessly over the crowd.

The respite was only momentary.

A lady, wondrously fair, stopped before her counter.

"Oh, Herman, do wait! How impatient you are.

"If ever I go shopping with a man again, I'll know it."

"Why, Trix," said her companion, a blue-eyed, blonde fop, "how can you be so unjust?

"It is a great pleasure to follow you.

"I am in Heaven now, and have been for the last twelve hours.

"We started on our wedding—I mean our shopping tour, this morning at sunrise didn't we?"

"How absurd you are," with a pretty blush and simper.

"I haven't been but five minutes here, and I am not quarter through yet."

"I'll be good and sit like Patience on an ottoman until your ladyship bids me rise," he said, all this time apparently oblivious of the dark-eyed, sweet-faced girl behind the counter who had paled to the very lips at sound of the once familiar voice; how dear in that long ago only her own heart knew.

Glen Allen had not always been saleswoman in this establishment.

Only a few months before she had been outside the hive of human labor, consuming the honey of existence, and leaving Fortune's step-children to labor for her and like pleasure-seekers.

Little did she then dream of the ambitious, bitter yearnings and heart-sickness which dwelt in the minds of some of her despised sisters.

She learned all these truths later by bitter experience, and had no need to wonder what sorts of lives these working-women led.

She knew only too well their sorrows, trifling pleasures, few and far between, and many kindnesses to poor ones even lower than they.

She had not lived in vain for the past year.

Herman Ledair, once her engaged lover, stood before her for the first time for two years, and no wonder the eager light of recognition died out of her eyes as she read no answering glow in his, so coolly, insolently scanning her face.

Herman Ledair would have failed utterly to have recognised his own mother had that aristocratic lady unfortunately descended a few steps on the social ladder during his travels abroad.

Glen Allen, shopwoman, was quite a different person from the Miss Allen, belle and heiress, of only two years before.

No wonder her devoted adorer failed to recognize and claim his promised bride in her changed fortunes.

Forgetfulness was his role, as he wished to avoid unpleasant explanations, and he played it well.

For one moment the girl, who had loved and trusted him all these months in spite of his suspicious silence, staggered.

Her worst fears were realized.

He had forsaken her without one word, and would leave her to fight the weary battle of life alone, despite his many protestations of endless love.

Her lip trembled, and a tear almost fell amidst the laces she was sorting.

Then pride came to her rescue, and there was no tremor in the clear, sweet voice.

"Kid gloves, did you say? Here, rest your arm upon this cushion, and I will try them on for you."

Miss Beatrix Leigh rested one velvet-covered elbow upon the soft, silken cushion, and held out a white, jeweled hand to Glen.

Then commenced the fitting of the delicate primrose kid.

"There," smiled Glen, "an excellent fit.

"What an exquisite hand! Only those Parisian gloves would suit it."

Miss Leigh condescended to give her a haughty stare, as if even this little familiarity were displeasing to her.

Her freezing, insolent tone was intended to finish the work of annihilation.

"Eh—what! You needn't do them up, for they don't suit at all. Do you like them Herman?"

"No," dutifully responded that satellite, "don't suit at all. Get rose, Trix; those are my favorites."

Glen almost laughed outright at the lisping, womanish voice, that once had had power to thrill her through and through, and she wondered, with a scorn for herself, how she could ever have imagined this to be the hero of her life.

"Yes," decided the spoiled beauty, "I'll have the rose.

"I don't see how you dared to show me these horrid things."

The rose kids, after being tried on and duly approved by Mr. Ledair, were finally paid for, done up, and consigned to Miss Trix's muff, and the two made their way down the lighted shop out into the frosty air, and entered another establishment a few doors further on.

The clock was pointing to eleven when the weary girls left their posts, one by one, and wended their way towards the places they called home.

Glen was hurrying down the long shop, when Mr. Smith came behind her with swift steps, and laid a heavy hand upon her shoulder.

"Miss Allen, I must detain you for one moment.

"This lady here," pointing to Trix Leigh, who, followed by Herman Ledair, came forward, "wishes you to return to your counter.

"Of course it will be all right. Has anybody meddled with the kid gloves but yourself, Miss Allen?"

"No, sir," answered Glen, with slight annoyance in her tone; "the kid glove department is exclusively mine.

"Be so kind as to make haste. I have some purchases to make myself before midnight."

A large bright-faced doll a few doors off had met with Glen's approval, and she had promised herself the pleasure of spending some of her hardly-earned money upon her poor little crippled sister Beth, whose eyes would open wider and more spasmodically than even the doll's own, at the sight of the waxen treasure.

"The detention is absolutely necessary," broke in Miss Leigh's excited tones, excited in spite of that lady's evident desire to appear calm.

"I have missed a very valuable solitaire from my ring.

"I am absolutely certain it was in its setting when I tried those light kids, and I haven't removed those kids until a few moments ago, when I missed it at once, of course.

"I wish this person to search those primrose kids, and if the stone is not found, of course we shall all know what inference to draw."

Glen paled to the very lips at the implied insult, and a hatred sprang up in her heart for this girl that she strove in vain to conquer.

"I know nothing of the diamond, but of course will do all in my power, to recover it.

"The glove the lady tried on is in that lower box, Mr. Smith.

"Perhaps it is in the fingers, but I hardly think it probable.

"The gloves have not been stretched, as is usual after being tried on, as it was late."

And this in a cold, even tone, addressing herself to Mr. Smith exclusively, and studiously avoiding looking either towards Miss Leigh or Mr. Ledair, who stood foolishly sucking his cane and looking as if he heartily wished himself out of this scrape.

The four wended their way back to Glen's counter.

Mr. Smith brought out the identical primrose kid, and turned finger after finger, with no success.

Counter and floor were searched in vain, and then Mr. Ledair, perhaps with some pity for the girl he had once loved, grasped Miss Trix's sleeve and whispered hoarsely—

"Don't mind, Trix. It is useless to try to trace such a thing.

"Let's be going, and I'll get you another."

"Get another!" sobbed Trix; "you know you'll never buy one so handsome again.

"I don't wonder it tempted the girl. You needn't tell she hasn't it.

"She has, and I mean to force her to give it up."

Glen never spoke a word in reply to this and Mr. Smith led the way to a small apartment, where Mr. Gilbert, the senior partner, sat.

His face was drawn into all imaginable puckers as he scratched off business letters, and so intent was he that he failed to notice the entrance of Glen and her accusers.

An elegant-looking young gentleman, who stood by the mantel, stepped forward, spoke to Mr. Smith, and advanced to the desk.

"Father, Smith has business with you. Can you spare a few moments?"

Then turning to Glen with a pleasant smile—

"Here is a chair, Miss Allen; you must be wearied after to-day's hard toil. It is late, but I see you have friends to escort you home," looking at his watch, and glancing towards Mr. Ledair and Miss Leigh in a careless fashion.

He nodded to the former and was about to speak, when Glen detained him.

She was very pale, and with difficulty restrained her sobs.

"They are not my friends, Mr. Gilbert. Oh, you don't believe I am a common thief do you?"

He noted the fevered look in the tear-filled eyes, and stooped to say, soothingly—

"What nonsense! as if anyone could doubt such an innocent face! Surely Mr. Ledair is an old friend."

He with the rest of the world, had curiously wondered whether the engagement publicly announced two years before, was broken off or not.

Glen's white, scornful face assured him.

"Mr. Ledair has not recognized me as yet.

"His memory is as fashionable as his person."

Murray Gilbert muttered something between his clenched teeth that sounded very much like "scoundrel!" and his blue eyes softened with a feeling stronger than pity as he gazed down upon the girl before him, so pretty and helpless in her utter despair.

Miss Trix' high voice interrupted some pleasant thoughts he was indulging in, and the handsome mouth grew hard beneath the brown moustache as he listened.

"The diamond was there before the glove was tried on and wasn't there afterwards.

"No one has touched the gloves since but this person, and if she doesn't choose to acknowledge her guilt, I shall be obliged to have recourse to law!"

Mr. Gilbert, senior, gazed nervously from one to the other.

"Well, really, madam, it pains me beyond expression that the loss has occurred in our establishment, but I hardly think the evidence sufficient to warrant Miss Allen's arrest.

"The lady's character has always been irreproachable, and there is no proof enough to excuse any extreme measure."

He glanced kindly and pityingly towards Glen, whose self-possession had entirely deserted her, and who was hysterically sobbing in her chair.

Murray Gilbert could contain his wrath no longer.

"We have plenty of evidence at hand, father, to prove Miss Allen's good name; this gentleman here," pointing to Ledair, who wished at that moment the floor would open and take him in, "can testify as to that.

"He was Miss Allen's promised husband two years ago, and may be now, for all I know."

Ledair, brought thus publicly forward, and aware of Trix's astonished gaze, could only stammer, in a very foolish way—

"Oh—ah—really, Murray, you must be mistaken; I am engaged to this lady," pointing to Trix, "and have been for two months.

"Of course, we fellows must have our amusements, but I never intended marrying the girl, I assure you."

"Well," responded Murray, with a sneer, "I can't say I blame Miss Allen for casting such a puppy off, but I thought you had manhood enough to forgive a slight and stand by a lady in distress.

"Why, the very idea of suspecting Miss Allen of theft is preposterous."

"It may seem preposterous to you," retorted Trix, "but if you had lost a diamond perhaps it might seem a little more reasonable.

"If it is not found, I mean to keep my word."

"In stating the case, did you say this was the only glove you tried on?" queried Mr. Gilbert.

"Why—yes," stammered Trix, slightly confused.

"This and the pair I wore and have on now."

"It is not our custom to allow a lady to try on a glove unless she buys at least one pair," broke in Murray, in excited tones. "Did you not purchase a pair, madam?"

"Why, so I did," gasped Trix, as the idea flashed across her for the first time. "Oh, dear—perhaps——"

"Perhaps," finished Murray, "even you may be mistaken. Let us see the gloves, if you please."

Out came the pink envelope from the white muff.

Murray seized it with no gentle fingers, broke it open, and tore out the rose glove.

Amid breathless silence the fingers of the right one were turned, and something very bright dropped down at Trix's feet.

Murray stooped, picked up the lost diamond, but did not present it to its owner with his customary courtly grace.

"By your folly you had almost ruined a poor girl's name.

"It would matter little to you, but she has to depend upon for her daily bread. Miss Allen," turning to Glen.

No motion from the silent figure in the chair.

He approached nearer, and with gentle hand lifted the tired head.

"Glen," in whispered, heart-thrilling tones, "it is all right. You shall never suffer again.

"This workaday world is no place for such as you."

He spoke better than he knew.

The white lips trembled and the brown eyes shone with a newly-awakened love for one instant into his.

The sweet childish mouth tried to utter some answering words, but the whisper died away in a smile and all was still.

She had winged her way to a better world.

No more trials and sorrows for the poor, overworked "shop-girl."

A tired brain and a wearied body could rest at last, and Trix Leigh's diamond had opened the gates of Heaven to one pure soul at least.

A dim light shone in the room, and the listeners fancied they heard someone coming towards them.

It was only the rustly of little Beth's dress and the click, click of her tiny crutch as she limped down the long shop.

"Where is Glen? Oh, my darling, my darling," casting herself upon her dead sister's breast and kissing the still cold lips.

Perhaps all womanly feeling had not died out of Trix's selfish heart, for she caught friendless Beth to her bosom, sobbing—

"My precious, you shall live with me. Oh, God! with Thy help I will make some little atonement for this night's work."

And she did.

Beth lived to be a lovely woman, the light of a happy home; and Trix—

Well, Mr. Ledair never married her, and I doubt if he ever will.

She still remains single, and he has descended so low that he wears thread-bare clothes and old-fashioned hats.

Murray Gilbert, whose heart had awakened that night, waited in vain for love to again enter its portals.

Bric-a-Brac.

A CHEAP CURE.—It was formerly customary in England for the sick to wear a kerchief on the head, and a certain virtue was attached to the custom so that in Cheshire tying a kerchief on the head and drinking a posset was a remedy for everything.

EATING WHALES.—Whales were eaten by persons of the upper classes in Europe as late at least as the latter part of the thirteenth century. The tail and tongue dressed with peas or roasted were prized as choice delicacies. The Princess Eleanor de Montfort paid, in 1206, the sum of twenty-four shillings for "one hundred pieces of whale," to be used as food in her household.

AT TABLE.—The Chinese do not use table-cloths, knives and forks, plates and dishes, as we do, nor do they often sit around one table. The men and women seldom sit together. The father and sons first take their meals, and then the mother and daughters come in and take what is left, and the father and brothers leave them to wait on themselves.

A MONKEY MAN.—A Monkey signal-man manages the railway traffic at Uitenhage, South Africa, according to *The Colonies*. The human signal-man belonging to the post lost both his legs in a recent railway train, and so has trained a baboon to discharge his duties. Jacko pushes his master about on a trolly, and, under his directions, works the lever to set the signals with a most ludicrous imitation of a man.

NUMERALS.—The Brahmins are said to have invented the numerals—1 to 10—some time before the Christian era, and the Arabians to have introduced them into Spain, whence they spread all over Europe. They did not come into use in England until the beginning of the seventeenth century. In olden times there was a belief in the occult power of numbers which were thought to express the harmonies of nature. Divinations by numbers came from this queer belief.

WRINKLES AND CHARACTER.—The faculty of truth—that is, the love of it—is indicated by the muscles which surround the eye, causing folds and wrinkles. Justice is indicated by the muscle which causes perpendicular wrinkles between the eyebrows. Fulness and wrinkles under the eye, for which some persons are remarkable, indicate the love of mathematical accuracy; and wrinkles curving upward from the outer angle of the eye and eyebrow indicate probity or personal truthfulness.

MALE AND FEMALE.—The strength of males increases rapidly from twelve to nineteen years, and at a rate similar to that of the weight, and more slowly and regularly up to thirty years, after which it declines at an increasing rate to the age of sixty years. The strength of females increase at a more uniform rate from nine to nineteen years, more slowly to thirty, after which it falls off in a manner similar to that of males. At eleven years females are weaker than males by twenty-two pounds, at twenty years of age by thirty-six pounds.

A POETICAL FANCY.—A young French girl, having been unfortunate in love, resolved to commit suicide. Before going to bed, she filled her chamber with the most odorous flowers, and, having completely closed the room, covered up her head, and went to sleep. She was found in an unconscious state about noon the next day; and although by great medical skill she was recalled to life, her reason had fled. She imagines that she has been transported to the kingdom of flowers, and has become a marigold. "I remember that I loved a butterfly," she murmurs; "but he has gone away."

BIRD OF SPRING.

BY E. F. D.

Hail to thee, bird of spring,
Blithe be thy welcoming,
Send thy sweet carol o'er woodland and plain;
Sweeter notes ne'er were heard.
Sing thy song, bonnie bird,
Gladden our hearts with thy music again.

Swells thy song on the air,
Making the world more fair,
Chasing all sorrow and gloom from the brow;
Flowers will welcome thee
Gladly, dear bird, as we,
Who such a joy-giving creature as thou?

Hail to thee, bird of spring,
Hark! now the woodlands sing,
Echo repeats every note of thy lay;
High on thy fleet wing soar,
Sing to us evermore—
Bird of the spring-time, ah, stay with us, stay!

Thorns and Blossoms

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—[CONTINUED.]

I CALL that wicked," cried Violet, with hurrying breath—"wicked and very cruel!"

"I quite agree with you," said Miss Marr. "Nothing could justify such conduct. It had a fatal result too.

"Lady Ryvers wrote to London to consult a firm of lawyers about the validity of marriage, and most unfortunately, through the mistake of a servant, the answer to this letter was taken to the young wife. She read it, and it drove her almost mad."

Faster and faster beat the heart of the listening girl.

This was how her conduct looked to others; this was how others thought and spoke of her.

"She went to the dowager with the open letter in her hand.

"There was a terrible scene between them.

"She was proud, indignant—the dowager cool, contemptuous.

"She declared that she would save them all trouble, that she would annul her marriage herself.

"She left them; and they have neither seen nor heard of her since. A strange story, is it not?"

"Most strange," replied Violet, with quivering lips.

"How many lives are spoiled by this unfortunate marriage!" said Miss Marr. "Mine, for I shall never love any one else; Lord Ryvers' for he is the most miserable of men; the poor young wife's, for she must be wretched; and the dowager's, who can never be happy again.

"All those lives, which might otherwise have been happy, have been spoiled by this one most unhappy marriage.

"When I last visited there, Ryverswell did not seem like the same place.

"Lord Ryvers had gone away, vowing that he would never return until he found his wife.

"Monica Ryvers, one of the sweetest and brightest of girls, was never without tears in her eyes; the dowager was quite unlike herself.

"It was a most miserable visit for me, and I was glad when it ended. Of course, what must be, must be; but, oh, how happy we should all have been if he had chosen me!"

"It seems that the best thing would be for the young wife to die," remarked Violet dreamily; "that would leave him free."

But Miss Marr shook her head.

"It would make no difference," she said. "If he did not care for me before his heart was filled with love for his young wife, it is not likely that he would do so now. Her death would make no difference to me."

"If he loves her so very much, one would imagine that he would set to work to find her," observed Violet.

"It would be useless to look for her. She told her husband that, even if they met face to face, she would never return to him; and the dowager quite believes it.

"She says she does not believe that anything would induce her to return."

"Is she glad of it?" asked Violet impulsively.

"I do not think so. I believe she would be glad to undo all that she has done. She was most bitterly annoyed with regard to the marriage at the time; but, now that she sees how unhappy her son is, she would like to undo her part in producing the present state of affairs, if she could."

"Is he so very unhappy?" asked Violet, with a strange softening in her voice.

"Yes. He has gone to London, and his mother says he is giving himself up wholly to art.

"He shuts himself up; he sees no one, speaks to no one, paints all day, is losing all his grand opportunities, will not hear of public life, and all for love of a girl who cares so little for him that she has left him. I would not have left him.

"If he had been the worst of criminals, instead of the best of men, I would not have left him.

"I would have gone with him to prison and to the gallows; I would have stood by his side on the scaffold. But then I love him, and she does not."

Another burning blush, more quick beating of the heart.

The locket that held the handsome face almost fell from Violet's hands.

"How will it all end?" she asked suddenly.

And the heiress sighed despairingly.

"I cannot tell; I cannot even imagine. In general misery, I should think. The dowager will never be happy again."

"I do not think she deserves to be," remarked Violet quickly.

"Perhaps not; but we must make allowances for her wounded pride and her bitter disappointment.

"Her whole heart was fixed on her son. Then it is terribly sad for him.

"His mother wept bitterly one morning because he would have no son to succeed him.

"The title and estates both go to people who are almost strangers."

Violet had never thought of that; all through the matter she had thought more of herself than him.

"There could be no more cruel blow for a woman like the dowager than that," said Miss Marr, "and there can be little consolation for her; it is her own fault.

"The person who will suffer least will be the young wife herself.

"She will return to her own class and her own people, and probably forget all the havoc and misery she has caused.

"I am not hard-hearted, but I do detest her. I should have loved her if she had stood bravely by him."

"He did not stand bravely by her, it seems to me," commented Violet. "Why did he allow his mother to do such a cruel and wicked thing?"

"I do not think he did allow her. I feel sure she did it entirely without his knowledge.

"I look at the common sense of the matter—if he loved her well enough to give up all the world for her, why should he wish or try to find out a flaw in his marriage? I do not believe that he knew his mother had written."

"It seems to me," said Violet, "that the blame lies wholly with the dowager Lady Ryvers."

"Quite as much rests with the wife," declared Miss Marr.

"She left him very easily. It did not seem to cause her any pain; that was what his mother and sisters felt.

"After all his sacrifices for her, it was a poor return. She really seemed glad of an excuse to get away.

"If she had quarreled with his mother, no one could have felt any surprise; but I cannot see why she left him."

This was how they judged her—they thought she cared little for him, little for her marriage-vows.

No one knew that the dowager had stabbed her to the heart by telling her that her husband was aware that she had written.

"It is a miserable story," she said; "there does not seem to be a glimpse of happiness in it anywhere."

"No. Love is a marvellous thing," remarked the heiress. "I have often read that love wins love; it is not true. I loved Lord Ryvers well enough to have won love in return; but it never came.

"It would have been so different if he had loved me;" and the girl stretched out her arms with wistful passionate longing that went to Violet's heart.

Violet turned away, still holding the locket in her hand.

"How will it end?" she asked herself. "How can it end?" And she could read in the future no answer to the self-put question.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I WONDER," said Miss Marr suddenly, "why I have opened my heart to you, Miss Beaton? I have not told this trouble of mine to any one else.

"Lady Ryvers guessed it, but then she knows how it is.

"Grandmamma does not know. She wonders why I care for no lovers, why I refuse all offers, why the world is all a weariness to me.

"And it is a weariness. I am ashamed to say that 'my days are dreary.' I am young and have everything to make me happy; but happiness and I have parted for ever. I am glad that I have told you; my heart feels lighter.

"I am impulsive, you will say; but my heart warmed to you the first moment I saw you."

Violet wondered whether she would have liked her at sight had she known who she was.

"Give me my locket," requested Miss Marr.

"But tell me first, do you wonder at my loving that handsome face?"

"I do not," said Violet frankly; "it is handsome enough to win love."

Violet, in her her heart, longed to know if Randolph had given the portrait himself.

The question trembled on her lips, but her sense of delicacy would not let her ask it.

Miss Marr answered it quite unconsciously.

"The dowager gave me this photograph," she said—"indeed, I am afraid I asked her for it. He did not give it to me."

Violet felt a great sense of relief when she heard that.

"I wish he had," the heiress went on. "I should like to treasure something that he had given me.

"If he touched only the withered petal of a flower, it seemed clothed with new life to me.

"You seemed surprised. You have never loved any one in that mad fashion, have you?"

"No; that I certainly never have," she replied.

And Miss Marr laughed a mirthless laugh that did not suit her youth or beauty.

From that hour they were the truest and warmest of friends.

They were talking one day on the usual theme, Lord Ryvers, when Violet, looking up with shy sweet eyes at her companion, asked suddenly—

"What was the name of this young wife of his whom no one loved?"

"One did love her. Monica loved her. She was, I believe, devoted to her, but she never mentioned her.

"The dowager would not allow it. Monica told me that she believed her sister-in-law was far more sinned against than sinning. And, as for Lord Ryvers, he loved the very ground on which she stood.

"Lady Lester, the other sister, was simply indifferent.

"The dowager was the only one who actively disliked her, and she would not, as I have said, allow her name to be mentioned. I think she generally called her 'that girl.' I do not remember to have heard what her Christian name was."

During nearly all the hours they spent together they had but one subject of conversation, and it was Lord Ryvers.

They stood one morning on the brow of the hill watching the waterfall that dashed into the basin below. The heiress turned to her companion.

"Have you read," she asked, "that beautiful old story of the two lovers who were drowned by a royal decree?"

"I do not remember it," answered Violet.

"It impressed me," said Miss Marr, her dark eyes lingering on the white leaping waters; "and, strange to say, I always think of it when I stand here. A great king sentenced a man to death.

"What do you think the death was, Violet? He was to be bound fast to the girl he had long loved, and they were to be thrown, alive, into the sea.

"The man was delighted with his death. Perhaps he had loved the girl long and hopelessly—I cannot say; but he welcomed his sentence.

"He declared the supreme moment of his life would be the last.

"I think—I know it is a vain, foolish thought—I cannot help it—I think often, when I stand here, that I should like the same fate."

Violet shuddered at the words.

"I do not call that love," she said; "it is infatuation."

"It is the truest of love," cried the heiress; "and the woman who cannot feel it does not understand even the nature of love."

In some vague way the picture took possession of Violet.

She could see her tall, fair, handsome on the brow of the hill, the glint of the sunlight on his hair; she could see him with his arms clasped round this woman who loved him so well; she could see them fall together over the brink, down through the seething, foaming water, undying love in the woman's eyes.

A cry came from her lips, as of one in pain; and Miss Marr looked curiously at her.

"Of what are you thinking?" she asked.

And Violet, startled, answered truthfully—

"I was picturing the scene. I saw you go over the fall."

The heiress laughed.

"I may some day," she remarked; "but Lord Ryvers will not be with me. It is strange that one woman should value so little what another would give her life for. I wish that either Lady Ryvers could see her husband with my eyes or that I could see him with hers."

Another morning they stood on the lawn at Queen's Elm feeding the robins.

The heiress had been relating to her attentive listener some of the incidents of her late visit to Ryverswell. She added suddenly—

through a mistaken marriage."

"It is really a terrible thing for a grand old race like that to become extinct, all

"If you could rule destiny," she said, "if you could control circumstances, what would you do?

"Would you let the young wife drift away—die—and marry Lord Ryvers yourself, or would you like them to meet again and be happy together?"

"I have often asked my own heart that question," replied Miss Marr. "Whether I am a noble woman or not I cannot say; but mine is a noble love.

"I love him better than myself; I place his happiness higher than my own. He loves her; all his life is centred in her; he does not love me.

"So that he may have the highest happiness and the highest bliss he can ever know I wish that they may meet again and be happy together."

"You are a noble woman!" cried Violet involuntarily. "It is a thousand pities that Lord Ryvers did not love you."

"It may be all for the best; he will learn what indifference is like, which he would never have done had he married me."

"I am not sure whether that is any advantage," said Violet.

"I have thought," continued Miss Marr, "that I would try to find this wife of his, and, if I succeeded in doing so, use all the eloquence I could command to persuade her to go to him and beg his pardon."

Violet looked up with flashing eyes.

"To do what?" she cried.

"To beg his pardon," repeated Miss Marr with innocent unconsciousness.

"So far as I have followed the story," said Violet, "it seems to me rather that it is he who should beg her pardon."

"There I cannot agree with you," said the heiress.

"I think she had cause for anger and annoyance, but nothing could justify her in leaving him; she ought to beg his pardon for that.

"I fear I shall never be so fortunate as to find her; but if ever I do I shall try to persuade her to go to him and acknowledge the wrong she has done.

"My dear Miss Beaton, why are you looking at me with such flashing eyes?"

"I am thinking," Violet replied, "what this unfortunate wife would say if she heard you."

"If she were sensible, she would say I was right.

"I can understand her passion and her anger, but I cannot understand how she could talk of such nonsense as annulling her own marriage."

"The nonsense of those who wanted to annul it for her is far greater," said Violet.

And Miss Marr made no reply.

Violet could not forget what her friend had said, that the young wife should go to her husband and beg his pardon.

She, who had always been queen and mistress, who had left him with a sense of injury, who had felt herself wounded and hurt, to beg his pardon! The idea was decidedly novel to her.

One evening the two ladies were seated in the drawing-room.

Mrs. Ingram had gone to her room, for the night was chill.

Outside a drizzling rain fell and a cold wind blew; inside all was warmth and comfort.

They were startled at times by the eerie sound of the ivy-branches tapping against the window-panes.

"This room is the picture of comfort on a winter night," said Miss Marr. "I wonder why it is that we all love scarlet and crimson in winter?"

"Because they represent warmth," answered Violet.

After a minute's pause, Miss Marr sighed deeply.

"I should think one London house must be very dull," she said. I cannot help picturing Lord Ryvers shut up by himself."

"You are always thinking of Lord Ryvers," remarked Violet, not knowing whether she was amused, or sorry, or pleased.

"That is quite true; it is a habit of which I shall never now cure myself. I wish almost that I could.

"I cannot help grieving. I picture the bright handsome face all sad and worn, the light heart and high spirits, the noble artistic fancies all drooping and dying. I have heard a great deal of pathos about deserted wives.

"There seems to me to be much more pathos in the idea of a deserted husband. If I could but pierce the distance and see him!

"If the same rain be falling in London, and the same chill wind blowing, he will be sitting there all alone, listening to the dreary sounds, and he will be thinking of days that will never come back to him.

"Hush!" said Violet. "You make me feel sorry for him!"

She had never thought of him as lonely, or desolate, or sad at heart, but always as an aristocrat living in luxury.

She had not realized yet that the greatest hunger of all is hunger of the heart.

Still from that hour the tender pity born of love lived in her heart for him.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I DO not know whether it is my conscience or my heart that is awakening," thought Violet to herself; "but I am not even so happy as I used to be."

She was not.

Her education and training had been so different from that of other girls; she never talked of love and lovers.

She had been brought up to think of love as something rather to be despised than esteemed.

For the first time in her life she brought into contact with a passionately loving woman.

The first time in her life she heard a man speak of love.

She had discovered what love was like to a woman.

No matter how deeply a man loves, he cannot say much about it, he speaks but little; a woman has her love always on her lips, as she has it always living and burning in her heart.

Violet might have lived and died without knowing her own powers of loving, had not Miss Marr, with her passion and eloquence, brought them to life.

Now she was beginning to realize a truth that puzzled her.

She was rapidly falling in love with her husband after a fashion in which she had never loved yet.

During that wooing in the summer woods of St. Byno's the love had been rather on his side than hers.

She had fallen in some degree under the glamor of it.

The wooing of the handsome young artist had been a pleasant novelty.

When she married him, she did not know that there was a higher, deeper, truer love than that which she felt for him.

Now she was beginning to understand that she had not really loved him.

She knew it by the difference in her own feelings towards him.

She had heard his loving words with pleasure, but her heart had not beaten the more quickly for them.

She had taken his caresses as a matter of course.

She had accepted all the love, the homage

and devotion that he lavished on her without thinking anything of it.

She had never understood what jealousy meant.

As for being jealous of her husband, she would have laughed the idea to scorn.

Now it was a different matter.

Her heart beat with a new passion, a new pleasure, a new pain.

She loved her husband—loved him with a love quite new to her, that had been called into existence by the devotion, the passion, the eloquence of another woman.

She hardly admitted to herself that she missed him, but she did.

He had cared for her so tenderly that the wind had hardly been allowed to touch her face; now she found the difference.

There was no one to take care of her; but she herself had to take care of others. Now one knew or cared if she was out in the cold or the damp, if she felt ill or well, if she was blithe or sad; no loving eyes followed her going out and coming in, no loving words greeted her.

She found the difference between being a beloved wife and a paid companion. If she felt tired, no one pitied her.

She could not help remembering the days abroad, the balconies laden with flowers which hung over the blue moonlit sea; if she was tired then, loving arms folded her, her head was pillowed on a loving breast, every comfort and luxury were found for her.

Now Mrs. Ingram, although always polite, looked annoyed if her companion seemed tired; and of late she had not felt well.

The first time that Violet stretched out her arms with a weary cry of "Oh Randolph, how I miss you!" her husband was nearer to her heart than he had ever been before.

Still she had annulled her own marriage; and there was an end of it.

She was concerned about her health.

She was so far from well that the least exertion seemed to tire her; she had no strength, no spirits.

When she looked in the mirror, she saw a pale face with woeful eyes full of shadows all the brightness gone.

She asked herself anxiously, Was she ill?

Was she going to die?

Her death would clear away all troubles. If she were dead, mother and son would be reconciled, and Randolph would marry Miss Marr.

But the thought of it, instead of giving her a comfortable sense of resignation, flushed her face with anger.

It was one thing to say to herself proudly that she would annul her marriage.

It was quite another matter to please them all, like a good Christian, by dying, and leaving her husband to the woman who loved him.

No, she would not do that if she could possibly avoid it.

She would do her best to keep strong and well.

Hitherto she had enjoyed robust health; she had been so active and vigorous that she could not understand the langour and depression that seemed never to leave her now.

She had never thought very much of death.

She knew in a vague fashion that she must die some day, but it seemed very far off to her in the bloom and spring-tide of health.

She was watching the November moon one night and she began to wonder whether if she were to die, she would feel quite satisfied with herself—whether she would feel that she had done her best or not—whether as she lay dying, she would long for Randolph, cry out for Randolph—whether she would long to die with her head on his breast and his arms round her.

She felt that death in such a fashion would be sweet—ah, sweeter far than life without him!

"How blind, how mad I have been, Randolph," she cried—"for I have loved you all the time with a great love, but I did not know it!"

Surely under that November moon there was no one so desolate, no young face so sad, no young heart so heavy.

The black curtain of despair seemed to fall over her.

All at once the great love and great mistake of her life appeared to her in clear colors.

She had put herself out of his life; she had separated herself from him; and she must abide by the consequences.

"Of what could I have been thinking?" she asked herself. She had, as it were, seen his face in the glass held by the fair hands of another woman, and its beauty dazzled her.

She knew that, if she went to him, he would forgive her—he had never refused a wish of hers in his life; but her pride could not bend or lend itself to that. She would abide by what she had done.

Even if she could have brooked asking him to take her back, she would never meet the dowager Lady Ryvers again.

She had solemnly vowed never to re-enter Ryverswell until the dowager herself asked her to do so.

The new-born love for her husband struggled in her heart with pride, and pride gained the victory.

She would not give in, whatever she had to bear; she would suffer in silence, die if needs must be, but never go back, never yield so sweet a triumph to Lady Ryvers as to be seen, humbled and contrite, asking for her husband's love again.

She had never thought to weep as she wept now, never thought to feel that longing for him which she felt now.

Her husband had done all he could to win her love, and yet it had never seemed really to wake her heart until jealousy aroused it.

The clouds that passed over the face of the moon seemed to her a type of the clouds that passed over her own soul.

The memory of all his goodness to her swept her heart like a whirl-wind. How little she had thought of it at the time—how little she had valued it! Oh for one touch of that kind hand now, for one kiss from those loving lips!

CHAPTER XL.

THE reign of King Frost had begun; silvery fringes hung from the trees and hedges.

The robin-redbreasts outside the windows were waiting to be fed, and Miss Marr stood watching them.

She had read her letters, and there was a look of determination on her face, when Violet, looking very pale and ill, came into the room.

The heiress uttered a little cry of dismay when she saw her.

"Why, Miss Beaton, you are really ill, I am sure!" she exclaimed. "You should see a doctor. You have not been well for some time."

And in heart Violet knew that what she said was true.

"I have been making up my mind to a vigorous course of action," continued Miss Marr—"most vigorous. Are you well enough to listen?"

"Yes," said Violet.

But her heart contracted with a sense of coming evil.

"I had a long letter from the dowager Lady Ryvers this morning," said Miss Marr, "and she begs me to go to see her. She has gone to her own estate—Athelstone—she was an Alton by birth, and very proud she is of the name—and Monica is with her. She wants me to spend Christmas with them.

"I think I shall go. I have an object in so doing. I shall make a most desperate effort."

"In what direction, Miss Marr?" inquired Violet.

She tried to smile while she spoke, but failed.

"I shall try to reconcile mother and son," replied the heiress. "I am quite sure that they are both unhappy; they must be; they never were at variance in their lives before.

"The dowager seems perfectly wretched; she says that life has lost all its charms for her, that she misses her son more than words can tell, and she begs me to come, so that together we may contrive to change the aspect of affairs."

No comment came from Violet—not one word.

The "aspect of affairs" must mean something that would affect her.

"I wish," said Miss Marr, thoughtfully, "that I could find that foolish young wife of his, and bring about a general reconciliation.

"That is impossible," she added, with a sigh; "but I think I may be able to do something."

"Will Lord Ryvers be there?" asked Violet."

"I shall take a bold step, I think, and ask him to meet me there. You see, they are my dearest friends.

"I love them all—the handsome, chivalrous son, the stately mother, the placid Countess of Lester, and bright, loving Monica.

"I love them all so well that I take the greatest possible interest in them. I would do anything to see them all happy together as they were before this unfortunate girl came among them—Lady Ryvers was a proud, happy mother, and Randolph a most devoted son. I wonder what I could do?"

"It seems a very hopeless state of affairs," said Violet. "I do not see what any one can do."

"Nor I, at present; but I am determined to do something. Loving them, I rather think, gives me the right of interfering. I shall ask Rord Ryvers to meet me at Athelstone."

"Will he come, do you think?" asked Violet.

"I hope so. He said he would not look upon his mother's face again until he had found his wife; but I shall try my best to induce him to come."

"What can you do with him there—what is the use of it?"

"If I can reconcile mother and son, it will be something," said Miss Marr. "Of course, in the marriage question I cannot interfere; but I love the dowager Lady Ryvers, and I do not like to think of her as unhappy."

"What a pity it is," remarked Violet, with a bitter sigh, "that Lord Ryvers did not marry you!"

"So I think," returned the heiress. "Men seldom marry the right women. I believe. He has not done so; but he has paid a heavy price for his mistake.

"I think I shall go to Athelstone to-day. The only regret I have is not leaving you in better health."

"I shall soon be well again, I hope," said Violet.

But there was a look in her eyes that startled Miss Marr.

She took Violet's hand tenderly in her own.

"Miss Beaton," she said gently, "are you in trouble? You have been so kind, so full of sympathy for me; you have listened so patiently to all my long stories. If you have any trouble of your own, tell it now to me."

"I have no trouble in which any human being can help me," Violet declared. "I have a trouble, Miss Marr, known only to Heaven."

Ah, what a tangled web of fate she held in her hands!

It seemed to Violet in that moment that Miss Marr was the only person who could help her.

Yet, if the beautiful heiress knew that she was Lord Ryvers' wife, she would probably detest her.

"We shall have a brilliant Christmas, no doubt," said Miss Marr. "The dowager Lady Ryvers is not one of those who parade their sorrows before the world. I do hope Lord Ryvers will come.

"Bad as things are, there is no use in mother and son quarreling and keeping apart, both wretched."

"No," replied Violet, "there is no sense in that."

"I shall go to-day," repeated Miss Marr. "I have been some time with grandma. She will be quite happy with you. But, are you quite sure that I can do nothing to help you?"

"You have been a good friend to me. I should like to help you, if it is possible. I wish I were leaving you with more color in your face, with a light in your eyes. I shall think of you, my dear Miss Beaton, with great anxiety."

She could not possibly understand the look, half wistful, half fearful, of Violet's eyes, for she had no key to what was passing in her mind.

"I never make any protestations," continued the heiress, "but I do say this to you, Miss Beaton, that I like you better than any woman I ever met. There is the charm of originality about you."

"You make me very happy by saying so," answered Violet.

In her heart there was a wild cry of wonder as to whether she would like her if she knew all.

"Come with me to my room," said Miss Marr—"I like to superintend my own packing. I will finish what I was about to say, though.

"Let us make a compact of friendship—let us be friends always."

"You are a rich heiress, and I a poor, paid companion. Is it possible, do you think?" asked Violet, gravely.

"We are both women!" cried Miss Marr, "and we care much for each other! Why do you hesitate in giving me that promise?"

She looked not only surprised, but much hurt.

Violet laid her hand on her companion's arm.

"I do promise," she said, "to be your most loyal and faithful friend, so far as our different circumstances will permit. I wonder if you will ever repent having asked me this?"

"No," said the heiress, kissing the pale, sweet face so wistfully raised to her own, "I am sure I never shall. What a fanciful girl you are!"

"No, it is not fancy. I know all your life; you have told it all to me. I know your secret—your love story; and you know nothing of me—less than nothing.

"I, too, have a story; you have not heard it. I have a secret—you do not know."

Her eyes were full of tears; her face quivered with emotion.

"I do not wish to know it," said Miss Marr. "I love you for your beautiful face, which charms me; for your independence and originality, for your noble ideas and the harmony I find in your character, tastes and sentiments.

"Most of all," she added, with a smile, "I think I love you because I have trusted you."

"That is very likely," answered Violet simply. "You will find me faithful and loyal; but I am afraid I can never be any use to you."

"I am the best judge of that," answered her companion. "You have been of the greatest use to me, as you express it. How patiently you have listened to all my love-troubles!"

"They interested me," replied Violet. "I should like to add one thing more. If ever, in the future, you should hear anything of me that surprises or displeases you, you will remember it was the knowledge of what is in my own heart which made me hesitate to promise what you have asked me."

"My dear, one need look no farther than your face," said the heiress, laughing; "your whole soul shines there; and it is a very honest soul, loyal, sweet, and pure. Now that we are friends, I shall write to you and tell you how my mission fares. Come with me now."

The two women who could never be thoroughly happy because of each other went to Miss Marr's room, where the onerous business of packing was to be performed.

There were such treasures laid out there—lace, velvet, brocades, jewelled fans, ornaments of every kind, suites of shining gems—that Violet was bewildered.

The heiress laughed at her amazed face.

"The paraphernalia of a professional beauty," she said.

In vain did the wealthy heiress offer Violet one thing after another.

She would have lavished gifts upon her, she would have given her the richest lace, the most costly jewels; but Violet would accept nothing.

She felt slightly embarrassed when she remembered the treasures shut up in her wardrobes at Ryverswell—nothing like those belonging to the heiress, but beautiful enough in their way.

She wondered at Miss Marr's continual reference to Lord Ryvers; she seemed to have no other thought.

She took up a beautiful bracelet and said:

"I wore this when I met Lord Ryvers at the French Embassy."

Her fingers seemed to caress a rich piece of lace, as she said—

"Lord Ryvers admired this."

She lingered lovingly over one of her dresses, and said—

"The first time I wore this I danced twice with Lord Ryvers."

At last Violet could stand it no longer.

She looked up at the loving impetuous woman.

"It is all Lord Ryvers," she cried impatiently; "you think of nothing else, you speak of nothing else; every incident in your life seems to have taken its coloring from him."

"You are right," said Gwendoline. "Indeed it is a worse case than that. My life takes its light and darkness from him, but it is almost always dark."

In Violet's heart the flame of jealousy burned so fiercely that she could have stamped on the laces and jewels that had been worn to charm him.

There was a curious ring of suppressed passion in her voice as she said—

"I seems a great pity to waste so much love."

Miss Marr seemed slightly surprised

"Longfellow says that love is never wasted. Do you know those beautiful lines—

"'Talk not of wasted affection,
Affection never was wasted.!'"

"Yes; I know them. But not even Longfellow will change my opinion that it is a sad, pitiful waste of love."

"I would rather waste it on Lord Ryvers than receive the fullest return from another," cried the heiress passionately.

And Violet had to use more self-control than she had ever used in her life before to keep back the hot angry words that rose to her lips.

* * * * * * *

Miss Marr had been gone nearly a week when she wrote to Violet for the first time, saying how much she missed her, that she found herself continually thinking of her.

She said that the dowager Lady Ryvers was not well, and seemed in great trouble over her son, and that Monica had lost much of her singular brightness; and she added—

"You will be pleased to hear that I have written to Lord Ryvers, telling him how changed I find his mother, and that I have some reason to believe he will join us at Athelstone."

When she read that, the love that had been long dormant in Violet's heart burst into sudden, vigorous, passionate life.

There was no more hesitation, no more wonder.

She had not loved Randolph, when she wandered in the woods of St. Byno's or lingered on the banks of the Rhine, with the same love he gave to her; but now, seeing him with the eyes of another woman, knowing how much another woman loved him, the new feeling came to her with a great, almost terrible shock.

She loved him at last—at last.

The sudden thrill of passion that seemed to pass over her, the sudden knowledge of her own heart and all that was hidden there, awed her.

This was love—this burning fire, this burning pulse of pleasure and pain, this mad bitter jealousy, this passionate longing for the loved one's presence, this thirst for his love.

Nothing like this had entered her soul before.

She could have laughed in utter scorn as she thought of the feeling she had mistaken, the novelty, the glamor that she had believed to be love.

There was as much difference between the affection she had for her husband at first and the love she felt now as there was between the feeble ray of a taper and the vivid light of the sun.

This love absorbed everything else.

If she had been with him now, she would have chosen death rather than leave him.

She loved him at last with the passionate love that he had tried so long and so vainly to win.

And with this new comprehension of love there came to her a more perfect understanding.

She realised the wide difference that lay between her affection for her husband and his for her; she seemed to know all that he must have suffered when she left him.

She stretched out her hands with a little helpless cry, "Oh, Randolph, if I had known!"

And now this other woman who loved him so well, and who would have been so well content to be his wife, would be able to lavish all her love upon him, would be able perhaps to win him from his melancholy, to cheer him and brighten him, perhaps even to make him forget her.

She could picture the beautiful dark face, with its rigid light of passionate love.

Could any man resist it, much less any man whose heart ached with the coldness and indifference of another woman?

"I must try to forget that she is with him," said Violet to herself. "If I think of that I shall go mad!"

And it seemed very likely, during the next few days, that she would go mad.

By night and by day the flame of jealousy grew fiercer and stronger.

She dared not write to Miss Marr while she was at Athelstone, lest her handwriting should be recognised.

Not that it was at all likely; but there was a remote possibility of it.

Yet she would have given the world to know whether Lord Ryvers had acceded to Miss Marr's request and gone to his mother.

Her thoughts never left him.

She could think of nothing else.

She who had been so slow to love suffered all the torments of jealousy.

She was always picturing her husband and Miss Marr together.

All day long she followed them in spirit.

She knew that the heiress was too noble, too high-spirited, too proud to make any display of her affection; but she knew also that nothing she did would keep the love from shining in her face, and he must see it.

There came to her a deeper sense of what she had lost—not in wealth or position, but in the love of a good man and his devotion to her.

She cried aloud in her anguish; there was none to hear or to answer.

She remembered the words she had sung to her husband, so long since it seemed now—

"Love will waken by-and-by."

Love had awakened.

She was like one having a vast treasure to dispose of, and knowing not what to do with it.

Only one thing seemed quite plain to her, and it was this—that she could not bear the torture of knowing that this other woman loved her husband, and that he would be constantly with her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRICE HE PAID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MYSTERIOUS LOVER," "MY FIRST PATIENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

PEOPLE did say Hilda Mountclair is—or was very much in love with Captain Henderson, who was stationed down at Blithside barracks last year.

"He is a kind of a second or third cousin of hers."

"Where is he now?"

"In India with his regiment. The report is he wanted to marry Hilda before he went away; but she wouldn't hear of it."

"Why not?"

"Too poor. Harry Henderson, though the youngest son of a baronet, has no fortune, and the fair Hilda is not the one to throw herself away on a needy man."

"A rich man might be proud to marry such a woman!" exclaims Owen, with more impetuosity than than the occasion seems to require.

He does not sleep much that night.

In the quiet homely chamber at the top of the house there lies a restless man, whose heart and thoughts and brain are fired with the beauties of Mountclair, and with calculations how the misfortunes of the ancient house may be made stepping-stones on which he may mount to fame and eminence.

Owen has heard of such things before, has read of them often and often.

"Why should not a man mould circumstances to his will, and become the founder of a new race, springing, 'Phœnix-like,' from the ruins of the old?" he asks himself.

The next morning Owen goes down to his father's office, and startles the old man by his sudden remark.

"As Mountclair must be mortgaged, I will advance the money."

"You, Owen? Are you crazy?"

"No, in sober earnest; and I don't speak without consideration

"You want five thousand pounds now; it is ready, and more will be ready also when required."

"You can't afford to lock up so much money at low interest."

"The interest will satisfy me. Listen, father!" Owen exclaims eagerly.

And then he enters into a brief rapid statement of his affairs and prospects that makes the old man's eyes glisten.

He grasps his son by the hand, and says—

"You will be a millionaire some day, my boy."

"That is the end I have in view. I shall certainly have a 'tussle' for it; and now keep my part in the Mountclair transaction a secret, and, above all, let nobody else advance money on the estate.

"I must have all the affair in my own hands."

And, as he speaks, he seems to breathe in again the sweet perfume of Hilda Mountclair's basket of hot-house flowers.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER breakfast, Mr. Grimsdale says he must send up again to Mountclair, and Owen volunteers to go.

"The hill is trying for you on this hot day father; make use of me while I am here," he urges.

"Thanks, Owen; you are always considerate."

"Do not give me undue credit. I have a vested interest in the place now, and wish to examine it more narrowly. A man likes to see all sides of his bargain," Owen replies, laughing.

"And, furnished with full instructions, he sets out, much wondering what his second visit will unfold.

General Mountclair is in high spirits when he finds business is progressing so well, and that money may be had when wanted.

With a sudden burst of civility he invites Owen to luncheon.

The young man's heart throbs, and he feels a hot flush of satisfaction rise to his brow; but he answers calmly—

"I have an engagement in the afternoon, and I am afraid I must decline your invitation, General Mountclair."

"Luncheon is ready," says the General; "I heard the bell just now, and you will have ample time for your afternoon engagement.

"My daughter and her friends are coming up the lawn, I see."

The friends to whom the General alludes are Walter Hyslop and his two sisters. The latter are stylish girls, with a great deal of "go" about them.

They are near neighbors of the Mountclairs.

The General, who is waiting at the dining-room door, introduces Owen to his daughter.

"My dear, this is Mr. Owen Grimsdale, son of my worthy old friend the lawyer at Blithside."

Miss Mountclair looks at her guest, bows gravely, and wonders very much why her father has asked him to luncheon; but of late he has invited more than one stranger to meals on the impulse of the moment. Hilda is growing used to this, and always manages to impress on people so invited the recollection that they are her father's guests not hers.

There is the bright smile, the cordial tone for the Hyslops when she talks to them in her clear musical voice, there is the sudden formality, the grave manner for Owen when he comes in for a share of the conversation.

He is not disturbed by this, he anticipated it.

His preconceived notion of Hilda Mountclair's character is the more established by these little traits, and he prides himself on being able to read human nature very accurately.

It is enough for him to watch her manner with others, to admire her occasional flashes of brilliancy as her rare smile breaks forth.

He is fascinated in a way that surprises himself, he feels a kind of prescience that something will spring from his visit.

He glances up and down the table so daintily laid out with fruits and flowers and plate.

He looks at the cool handsome room, at the massively-framed portraits, and feels how pleasant it is to be there—that the very atmosphere of the place is congenial to his heart.

The conversation turns to foreign traveling—Walter Hyslop has just returned from a walking-tour in the heart of Switzerland.

He and his companions had gone beyond the reach of railway, coach, or mule; had scaled mountains with snowy tops; had trodden high pastures, sacred to the light-footed goat.

He had descended paths to the valleys at tremendous risk to their limbs and life.

Walter is full of these adventures; he is one who has the rare quality of describing them pleasantly.

"Walter is going to take us with him next time," says his young sister.

"My dear girl, you would break your neck at the first attempt at climbing; one needs the spring of a chamois and the head of a mule on those unexpected ledges and slippery descents."

"I daresay we have all needful qualities, Walter."

"You may have the quality I last named," he replies meditatively.

"Mule-headed! Oh, how cruel of you!"

Miss Mountclair joins in the laugh this raises, and asserts that one would brave

Owen watches them come out again—the ladies with bright blossoms in their hands.

He can easily distinguish Miss Mountclair from the others even at that distance—her stately figure and her superb carriage make her a very queen amongst other girls.

Has she any place in the wild bewildering dreams that surge through Owen's brain, making his pulses throb, his brow flush?

He decides that Mountclair is a goodly prize to be won, and that, come what may, he will win it.

He is thinking and plotting long after Hilda and her guests have disappeared.

Then his thoughts turn to Nellie Frere, his betrothed.

Only yesterday he arrived at Blithside with the full intention of asking her to name the day when she would become his wife, and already something has come between them that makes him long for delay.

Life is opening wider—broader views—heights such as he never dreamt of climbing before—prizes greater than those he ever thought of winning.

In due time Nellie returns from her fern-hunting, and Alec helps her up the brow of the incline, and darts a fierce glance at Owen, who is still reclining under the fir-tree.

"There is your own drowsy knight-errant waiting for you, Nellie.

"I will go down again and help them to get tea ready."

Alec is in festive mood.

He has decked out his white straw hat with massive fronds of fern, he wears a superb "button-hole" of bright yellow wheat and blue-streaked wood-vetch.

He has enjoyed the ramble in the woods amazingly, for though Nellie has been rather a silent companion, still he has had her all to himself, and he feels it happiness to be near her.

Nellie steps softly towards Owen, and lays her cool hand on his brow.

"Poor old fellow! How tired and drowsy you are!"

He starts up with a laugh, and begins to brush off the moss from his sleeve; Nellie watches him gravely.

"You work too hard up in that great, busy cruel city that wears men out, mind and body. Were you really asleep, dear Owen?"

"Not exactly; but I was dreaming wonderful dreams."

"Do you wish they may come true?"

"I suppose I do, Nellie; at any rate it will not be my fault if they do not."

Nellie looks up at him lovingly—she cannot think of any future for Owen in which she will have no part, and so she smiles as he presses her hand and draws it within his arm.

She leans on him with a glad tender light in her eyes, thinking all the while how pleasant it is to be helped along life's rough places by such a true, steadfast guide.

They join the merry party under the shade of the ruined walls of the Priory.

The rough, moss-grown stones form a fitting contrast to happy faces and bright-colored dresses.

The crumbling fragments of ancient arches and broken steps make convenient seats for the ladies, as their attendants stretch themselves on the grass at their feet.

They drink tea, a little smoky, from the extemporised wood-fire, and eat cake, which the black ants show evident signs of wishing to share with them, but they laugh at these minor inconveniences, and at last, in the cool twilight, they return to Blithside.

When they reach Doctor Frere's gate, Owen stops suddenly, and holds out his hand to Nellie.

"Surely, you are coming in to supper, Owen?"

"I am sorry I cannot. I have to travel back to London to-night, and, while you are asleep on your pillow, I shall be journeying on in the express.

"Say 'good-bye' to your father and mother for me; and now farewell, my pet."

"Yours has been such a short visit, Owen," she pleads.

"I can't afford to spend much time idling you know."

"Idling! Oh, Owen!"

Her voice is reproachful.

"Well, amusing myself—enjoying myself if you like."

"When will you come to Blithside again?"

"I don't know, Nellie. We are all creatures of circumstances."

"Why do you say that now?"

"I hardly know, my pet."

He presses her hand—looks down at her soft, sad eyes—and stops any further questioning by a farewell caress.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning, after breakfast, Mrs. Frere announces her intention of going to Hornclifle to do some shopping.

"You shall come with me, Nellie," she exclaims, glancing at her daughter with a meaning smile.

"Must I, mother? I thought I was to gather the rest of the raspberries."

"Never mind the fruit to-day. I have been talking to your father, and he agrees with me that you ought to begin your wedding outfit.

"Owen will be coming down for you some day, and you will not be ready."

"Surely there is time enough, mother!" but Nellie's fair young face flushes, and her eyes fill with a glad light.

"Owen more than hinted to your father that he hoped you and he would be settled very soon, so I have hired Hinton's chaise, and we will drive over and make a beginning to-day."

What a pleasant beginning that is!

Mrs. Frere, frugal as she usually is, seems to her daughter to have launched into boundless extravagance all at once.

The finest linens and muslins, the softest cambrics and flannels, are asked for—and Mrs. Frere, with her motherly fingers, handles the dainty materials, consults her daughter in a low voice, and gives unlimited orders to the civil shopwoman.

The shop is the best in Hornclifle, has the fashions direct from London, some just come out, and of the most marvellous description.

But Nellie has innate good taste, and only selects what a true lady would choose—soft pale colors, neat refined patterns, so much so that Mrs. Frere exclaims—

"My dear, you have the taste of a Quaker ess."

"Owen likes quiet-looking things, mother, so do I," she whispers back.

"True artistic taste, no doubt. But when I was choosing my own wedding-clothes, pinks and blues, and scarlets, and yellows, such as one sees in garden-flowers, were the fashion.

"We were not ashamed to copy nature in that respect, none of your half-faded looking things were worn then."

When the purchases are finished, Hinton's chaise is loaded with parcels, and Nellie and her mother return home tired with shopping, but with the prospect of many more days just as busy still before them.

Under her mother's supervision, Nellie's nimble fingers soon set to work, and through the long autumn evenings many a shapely garment is finished, and carefully laid aside.

The task was begun with a bright glow of hope at her heart, a flush on her cheeks, and a soft light in her eyes.

Every finished article seemed a link to the new happy home, that "chateau" of visioned bliss yet in the future.

But, as the days grow shorter, and the wind from the Blithside hills comes blowing wild and chill down the narrow lanes, Nellie's fingers linger over her work.

Often and often she throws the needle and thread down to wipe away the tears that gather in her eyes.

Owen's letters come regularly as heretofore.

But even her partial heart cannot but confess there is a vast difference in their tone.

There is no allusion to the future in them; they are dry, cold, chilling, formal epistles, apparently penned more from duty than love.

Nellie questions, urges, remonstrates, flings the whole warmth of her affectionate heart into her replies, but can elicit no warmth in return.

It is slow torture to her—slow cruel torture, such as many a man besides Owen Grimsdale has skilfully dealt out to his hapless victim—dealt knowingly, intentionally, with the hope that the victim may retaliate, and set him free from his toils.

Too cowardly to break off the engagement himself, he would fain have the "Gordian knot" severed by the girl's trembling hands, and then—who can blame him?

It is her own act.

many dangers to breathe in a draught, full and deep, of glorious mountain air, sweeping past from illimitable heights.

"But you are going abroad; perhaps you will reach Switzerland before you return," suggests Walter.

"Oh, no; papa never travels beyond Boulogne now! I know every stone in that place, I believe."

She glances at her father, who is at the moment asking Owen Grimsdale if he has ever been in Switzerland.

"Never yet; a journey there is one of my dreams for the future."

"What, do you business-men ever dream?" asks Walter Hyslop, arching his eyebrows and looking at Owen in surprise.

"Why not? We venture to dream sometimes, though our fancies are not always realized."

And then the conversation drifts away to a discussion about dreams that lasts until luncheon is over.

Owen takes his departure as soon as they rise from table, and is dismissed with a hearty hand-shake from the General, a stately bow from his daughter.

* * * * * *

Nellie Frere had quite expected her lover to supper on the previous evening.

She had watched for him until her heart grew weary with listening and waiting for his footsteps.

She had rambled about the gardens, picked the dead leaves from the rose-trees, and then, when the great round moon rose like a huge ball of silver on an azure background, she had decided that something must have happened to detain him.

Owen told the truth when he mentioned to the General that he had an engagement for the afternoon.

A little note has reached him from little Nellie.

The first part of it is full of gentle reproach at his non-appearance last night, the second parts speaks of a pic-nic party, got up entirely in Owen's honor.

"They have fixed on going to the Gray Priory, and Jack and Harry have been out all the morning conveying the various invitations," adds Nellie.

Owen reads the note thoughtfully, returns it to the envelope, and sighs as he repeats aloud—

"Poor little Nellie!"

Then he hurries home to tell his father the result of his very satisfactory visit to Mountclair, and to prepare for the pic-nic. He is early at the Gray Priory, but finds Nellie and her brothers already there; and on the grass are sundry hampers that promise a goodly feast by-and-by.

Nellie looks very pretty, very sweet, and very shy, as she stands under a tree, waiting for her lover.

She wears a pale lilac muslin dress, and a large hat trimmed with white gauze.

"You have come at last, truant!" she exclaims archly.

But he silences her reproaches in a lover-like way, draws her arm within his, and they pace to and fro for a few minutes, in deep conversation, while the boys watch for the expected guests.

Up they troop in the hot sunshine, a goodly assemblage of Blithside lads and lasses, well-dressed, blithe and bonnie.

They are mostly sons and daughters of the "upper ten" of the village.

And have been Owen Grimsdale's schoolfellows and companions in early youth.

They all greet him with warm welcomes, and cheery smiles, for Blithside people are not a little proud of this rising young man who is already making his mark in the world.

They even crowd round Owen, and he smiles wearily at their demonstrativeness, and wishes they would let him alone.

The seniors of the party arrive later, when the feast is spread.

Doctor Frere and his wife, Alec Moore's mother and father, and a few others jog slowly up the hill ready to be waited on by the younger ones.

The feast is a great success.

Over the plentiful viands eyes grow bright, tongues wax voluble, peals of merry laughter ripple fourth.

But strange to say Owen does not enjoy the party with his usual zest, the conversation sounds strangely trivial, "flat, and unprofitable."

He wonders how people can be amused so easily, be contented with such trifles.

Nellie does not notice his abstracted manner.

She is happy, merely to be near him—to catch the light of his eyes.

She does not care for many words in this her sweet dream of bliss.

They ramble away from the rest, and seat themselves under an old fir-tree, on the slope of a rugged hill, above the Priory. There is a kind of hush over everything, a quiet in nature, the very birds are voiceless and have retreated to the woods.

Owen breaks the spell by exclaiming—

"Horrid bore to have to return to London so soon!"

"Why don't you give yourself a longer holiday, Owen?"

"My dear Nellie, you know nothing of what business is, or you would not talk of 'long holidays.'

"One must be on the alert in these days, or see others win all the prizes."

"It seems a dreadful rush and hurry. Making money appears to be everything," Nellie says, with a sigh.

"Nearly everything in business. Money is the lever that moves events to their very centre.

"The man who holds most of it has the most power within his grasp."

Nellie does not reply to this.

Owen has gone beyond her depth.

She has no notion of the wonderful "power" to which he alludes.

He goes on, half to himself—

"Riches are our servants; and I will never rest until I have a goodly train of such slaves at my command."

"Beware, Owen; don't become the slave yourself, instead of the master.

"The love of money is the root of all evil," says Nellie earnestly; and her eyes grow hazy with deep feeling.

Owen draws her towards him, and presses a kiss upon her lips.

"Dear, good, simple-hearted darling; why, your eyes are full of tears! Don't fear for me, Nellie—come, we are getting proxy; let us go round to the other side of the hill for a change.

"What a splendid view of Mountclair there is from this point?" Owen exclaims presently, as they gain a higher part of the ascent.

"Yes, it is a grand old place," replies Nellie, recovering from her emotion with an effort.

They gaze down at the majestic trees, the leaves of which softly flutter in the summer breeze.

They have a glimpse of broad walks, and of the mansion itself, which, with its dignified air of repose, seems to sleep in the sunshine.

While they are looking, the gates of Mountclair are thrown open, and four riders come prancing up the middle walk.

"Those are the Hyslops, and Miss Mountclair. What a splendid creature Zephyr is!" exclaims Nellie.

"Who is Zephyr?"

"Oh, don't you know? Miss Hilda's horse—it is black as jet, and graceful as a gazelle.

"It cost no end of money, and people say Miss Mountclair never lets any one mount it but herself."

"She is a splendid rider," Owen says reflectively, as he looks down on the equestrians with a critical eye.

Just then, Alec Moore comes running up the hill to summon Nellie and Owen to a fern-gathering expedition in the woods.

"They are all waiting for you," he exclaims, wiping his face, which is deep crimson from the exertion of toiling up the hill at racing speed.

"Take it easy, man; you'll injure your health if you make such desperate efforts!" exclaims Owen laughingly, as he throws himself down upon the crispy sod.

"Will you come, both of you?"

"Not I, indeed. I much prefer lying here, with the soft breeze blowing about my brow.

"I am going in for the dolce far niente of life," retorts Owen, making himself yet more comfortable as he reclines under the shade of the fir-tree.

"Don't you really wish to go, Owen," asks Nellie, with mild pleading in her tone.

"No; but don't be angry. You go with Alec, and leave me to repose."

Alec gives a quick, sharp look at Owen, then offers Nellie his arm, and they go down the slippery descent in silence.

As soon as they are out of sight, Owen rouses himself from his pretended drowsiness, and looks eagerly down upon the groves of Mountclair.

Presently Hilda and her friends comes out on to the lawn with the skirts of their riding-habits drawn up.

They walk under the trees that border the side-paths, they go past the flower-beds into the conservatory.

And so poor little Nellie Frere watches for the postman on the usual day, shuts herself in her own room to read her letter, and vainly tries to find one sympathetic word in its dreary regulation length.

Nellie is no pessimist.

She does not manufacture artificial sadness for herself.

Yet on one day in particular Owen's epistle is so disappointing that she thrust it into her pocket and feels she must rush out of doors to walk down that weary misery at her heart, or she will utterly break down.

It is a bitterly cold day.

The first snows of winter are lying thick on the ground, and the frost, with its icy fingers, has bound them with crystal bonds.

Nellie, in her warm wraps, and the little round seal-skin hat, walks rapidly along the lonely Blithside rocks.

Hedges and trees are all bare and gloomy the birds twitter restlessly at being balked of their usual food, and the little redbreasts hop tamely near her feet, pert, lively, and inquisitive.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Old and New.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

A LOW fire was burning on a marble hearth, above which hung draperies of violet velvet, edged with gold.

A slender-limbed Italian greyhound lay on the fluffy Persian rug, basking in the soft, coral shine, and a pot of blossoming carnations on a gilded *jardiniere*, all twinkling with glittering chains, filled the air with a subtle, spicy scent.

And old Mr. Rivers, in his easy chair, with a drop-light on the table beside him, and the unread newspaper on his lap, stared at the roses and lilies of the carpet, as if some unsolved puzzle filled his mind."

"I can't account for it, I can't, indeed," said Mr. Rivers, shaking his head. "Here's a girl with every luxury provided for her; a home that a princess might not despise, every whim studied, and every caprice gratified, and yet, forsooth, she must allow herself to be captivated by that brainless fool of a Paulus Pepperel, who has neither money, character, nor common sense to offer her. But she shan't marry him, upon that I am resolved, although I am quite—eh, Rebecca, what now?"

A pert little servant maid, with a frilled cap on her head, fluttering with blue ribbons, and a white muslin apron to match, had courtsied herself into the room.

"Please, sir, Mr. Rivers, sir, said Rebecca, busying herself with her apron-string, "I've been a-listening at the back garden gate, according to orders."

"Exactly," said Mr. Rivers, blandly.

"And it's all settled, sir."

"What's all settled."

"Please, sir," palpitated Rebecca, "they're a-going to elope."

"To elope!",

"Yes, sir—please, sir, them was the exact words. Miss Miranda, sir, said, sir—begging your pardon, sir—as you was a stern tyrant; and Mr. Pepperel, sir, he said, as you was a cold-hearted villain. Begging your pardon, sir, which they wasn't no words of mine."

"I know, Rebecca, I know," said Mr. Rivers, mildly. "Go on."

"And they vowed and declared, sir, as their love was unalterable—quite like a novel, sir, or a pretty romance, sir—and there's to be a hack at the old mill gate at nine to-morrow evening, and——"

"Yes, yes, Rebecca, that is all," said Mr. Rivers. "Here's five shillings for you, Rebecca. You have executed your part of the plan very well. I don't think I shall need your services again."

"Thankee, sir. Much obliged, sir," and Rebecca fluttered, and courtsied, and smiled herself out of the room.

"She's a treacherous, deceitful little cat," said Mr. Rivers to himself, when the door had closed behind Rebecca. "But there are occasions, more the pity, when one has to stoop to discreditable tools. And so they are going to elope.

"Well, I'll see about that.

"I'll send for my sister Lois the first thing in the morning.

"She shall personate Miranda—easily done in the dark, with the aid of a thick veil—and I'll be ready with my end of the plot.

"Ha, ha, ha! I'm an old man, but I haven't forgot the private theatricals I used to play in.

"It will not be a pleasant task to undeceive my niece, but it must be done."

* * * * *

"Rebecca."

"Yes, Miss Miranda."

"Where's my Uncle Job?"

"Gone out, miss—leastways, his hat is gone, and his overcoat and silver-handled cane, miss."

"And Aunt Lois?"

"Gone to bed with a face-ache, miss."

"I think I'll retire myself," said Miss Miranda Rivers, with a well-stimulated yawn. "You need not remain any longer, Rebecca."

"Can't I take down your hair, miss?"

"No; I would rather do it myself. You are so disagreeably persistent, Rebecca. Why don't you go when I dismiss you?"

"Yes, miss—certainly, miss," said Rebecca, as she vanished, shutting the door behind her with more emphasis than was absolutely necessary.

Miranda Rivers was alone.

She was a slight, slender-made girl, with great, appealing eyes, like those of a deer, and a rich olive skin, with dashes of paint on either cheek, while her hair, black and shining as jet, grew low upon her forehead, and her dimpled, laughing mouth was ripe and red as a cherry.

"Now is my time," she said to herself, as she hurriedly disguised herself in the disguising folds of a huge water-proof cloak, and drew a thick brown barege veil over her countenance.

"Oh, how my heart beats! I wonder if I am doing right, after all? I should like to kiss Uncle Job just once before I go. He has been very kind to me—but of course my first duty is to Paulus now. Hush! are those the wheels so early? Surely, it can't be nine yet—but my watch loses time so shockingly. Good-bye, sweet home-nest; good-bye the haunts of my girlhood!"

And extinguishing her light, Miranda Rivers crept out into the frosty, starry silence of the October night.

At the end of the elm-bordered lane she could just see the dim outlines of a carriage with two horses, apparently in waiting.

"He said at the old mill gate," she hesitated——"but this isn't so very far off. Is it all right?"

"All right," a low, muffled voice answered from a figure beside the coachman. "Open the door, Joe."

And the next minute Miss Rivers was rolling swiftly along the mysterious darkness of the country roads.

Half-an-hour afterwards, Mr. Paulus Pepperel, the valiant suitor to the rich man's niece and heiress, jumped from the box of a second carriage, pausing close to the old mill gate itself.

"Miranda," he uttered, in a low hurried voice, "are you here? My own love, how shall I ever reward you for this infinite condescension?"

And he clasped in his arms the shadowy figure which at that minute issued from a group of firs which overhung the ruins of the old mill.

"Well, I don't know as you'll find any great difficulty, Mr. Pepperel," a nasal voice replied.

"Oh, take care—you've cracked my best pair of pebble spectacles!"

"Who are you?" almost shouted the disappointed lover.

"I'm Miss Lois Rivers," was the dryly-spoken reply; "and if you want any eloping, I'm ready to go along with you. But it's a settled thing that you can't have Miranda."

"And why not?"

"Now, don't get excited; don't," purred Aunt Lois, readjusting the row of little false curls, which the loving embrace had somewhat unsettled.

"Miranda herself will tell you why not—after she has been introduced to Ellen Larkspur."

"Who the—mischief is Ellen Larkspur?" demanded Mr. Pepperel, quailing a little, in spite of himself.

"She's the girl you've been engaged to for the last five years—the girl who wears your engagement ring yet—the girl you have jilted in cold blood for the niece of my wealthy brother.

"That's who she is, Mr. Pepperel," dauntlessly rejoined Aunt Lois. "And now you can stay here if you like, but I shall go in.

"Night air and neuralgia almost always hunt in couples—and at my age, I find myself compelled to be careful."

And that was the *finale* of Mr. Paulus Pepperel's long, and carefully-planned elopement.

As for little Miranda, she leaned back in the corner of her carriage, much marveling why Paulus preferred the coachman's box to the comfortable cushions at her side.

Perhaps, however, it was necessary to the success of their flight; and just as she was beginning to get a little nervous and hysterical, the carriage stopped at a little semi-Italian villa on the outskirts of the city.

Silently the carriage door was opened; silently the dark figure from the box assisted her to alight, and led her into the cheerily-lighted hall of the house.

"Paulus," she faltered.

"Not Paulus, my dear," said a familiar voice, as the cloak was thrown back, and Uncle Rivers stood disclosed. "Now don't cry nor faint. It's all right. Just you wait here fifteen minutes, and then, if you want Paulus, I give you away myself to him at the altar, with the greatest pleasure in life."

With a kindly kiss and pressure of the hand, he led her forward into a tastefully-furnished little drawing-room, where at all, beautful girl stood, with a face as pale as marble.

"Are you Miranda Rivers?" she asked—"the girl who is to marry Paulus Pepperel?"

"I am Miranda Rivers—but who are you?" she answered, wondering greatly.

"Did he never speak to you of Ellen Larkspur?"

"Never!"

"That is a strange omission," she answered, with a shrug of the shoulders, "because he is engaged to me, or was, before he conceived the idea of jilting me for a richer prize.

"There is his photograph on the wall—this is his engagement ring on my finger—here is a packet of his letters, which, perhaps, you would like to read."

With a low cry, Miranda Rivers caught at the latter.

Yes, it was Paulus's own writing—there could be no possible mistake; sweet words, honeyed adjectives to another than herself—he who had vowed that she was his first love, and should be his last.

"Miranda Rivers," piteously cried out poor Ellen Larkspur, "you are rich, courted, sought after. You have all the world can give. I have nothing—but his love. Be just. Give it back to me."

Miss Rivers at this drew herself up a little haughtily.

"You may have it all for me," said she; "I want no second-hand articles, Uncle," turning to Mr. Rivers, who had been studying her face with tender, solicitous eyes, "I believe I am disenchanted at last. Take me home again—keep that man," with a shudder "away from me—and let me learn what a treasure I have in your love and care."

So Miranda Rivers returned home—and the elopement produced no more serious effect than a few tears, and a general conflagration of love letters.

Mr. Pepperel was a good tactician, but he had not learned that where women are concerned,

"It is best to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new."

Scientific and Useful.

ONIONS.—The unpleasant odor left in the breath after eating onions is entirely removed by a cup of strong coffee, and the coffee being prepared while the onions are being cooked counteracts the smell.

SAGE TEA.—When one has had a fever, and the hair is falling off, take a teacup of sage, steep it in a quart of soft water, strain it off into a tight bottle. Sponge the head with this tea frequently, wetting the roots of the hair.

WOOD PRESERVING.—It is proposed to preserve wood by coating it with oxide of iron in the following manner: A large quantity of long, slender, large-headed iron nails are to be driven into the wood in close proximity to each other.

CAST-IRON PIPES.—The advantage of cast-iron pipes for drains of houses is great. Cast-iron pipes, if cast sound, prevent leakage into the subsoil beneath a house; they are truer in bore, and, what is of even greater value, they are not liable to breakage or fracture.

MINE EXPLOSIONS.—It is reported that at one of the late coal mine explosions a collier was able to traverse the whole of the working in making an exploration while the pit was yet full of gas, his cap, saturated with cold tea and held to the month and nostrils, proving an efficient safeguard.

ELECTRIC WATCHES.—A Chicago jeweler has made a watch which it is claimed is proof against injury by electricity. It has a film of electro-plated iron, as a guard. Two watches—one so guarded, and one unguarded—were subjected to a test with strong magnets recently. The unguarded watch stopped instantly, but the other was not interfered with.

TRICYCLE.—A new direct-action tricycle has been introduced which enables the rider to take his vehicle up steep grades without dismounting. Pressure from the foot to bear directly upon the main axle, and so transmitted to the driving wheels on both sides without loss, and the position of the rider is so regulated as to allow only so much weight to bear on the back wheel as will insure certainty in steering.

IN PRINTING.—The printing world of London is much disturbed by the discovery of a new process which enables any number of copies to be taken of any book, even the oldest, without setting a line of type. A compound has been discovered which may be spread upon a page without in the slightest way injuring the paper, and which refuses to rest upon ink. It can be easily removed to a stone, and there becomes the matrix of stereotype, or can be used for printing from at once. Practical printers are experimenting to see whether they cannot save the cost of resetting old editions.

Farm and Garden.

COAL OIL.—Coal oil is very destructive to insects, but it should not be used as a wash for trees, as it often kills them. Peach trees are very sensitive to its effect.

HONEY.—A new mode of collecting honey is being tried in Germany. A small apparatus with wires gives the bees an electric shock, and they fall to the bottom of the hive, remaining motionless for several hours.

APPLE TREES.—In setting out apple trees keep them away from the wells, as the apple tree will push its roots a long distance to get water, and seems to delight, whenever possible, in sending an extra root down a well.

DUCKLINGS.—Ducklings are as liable to die of chills and cramps as young turkeys, and for that reason must be kept from exposure to cold rains and heavy dews and away from the streams and ponds until they are a month or six weeks old.

HENS.—Hens usually pull out their feathers, more or less when infested with lice, or some skin disease, the result of being compelled to roost in a filthy place. Try cleansing their roosts and rubbing an ointment made of sulphur and lard under the wings and over the body of your fowls.

SOOT.—Collect some soot from a chimney or a stove where wood is used as fuel, put it into an old pitcher and pour hot water upon it. When cool use it to water your plants every few days. The effect upon plants is wonderful in producing a rapid growth of thrifty shoots and a number of thick, richly-tinted leaves.

CARE OF POULTRY.—One great mistake in poultry keeping on the farms and plots of ground in the older States, is the system of running them on the same ground year after year, without proper precautions for renewing, refreshing or disinfecting, and again in allowing to accumulate the droppings for weeks and months.

THE PINCHING PROCESS.—A practical gardener makes the following statement: "Last year, as a test of a frequent practice among growers of melons and squashes, I pinched the ends of the long main shoots of the melons, squashes and cucumbers, and left some run at their own will. One squash plant sent out a single stem reaching more than forty feet, but did not bear any fruit. Another plant was pinched until it formed a compact mass of intermingling side shoots eight feet square, and it bore sixteen squash. The difference in favor of the yield of an acre of melons treated by this pinching process many easily amount to 100 barrels."

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HAPPINESS IN ACTIVITY.

Many imagine that there is a profound and intrinsic blessing and satisfaction in the possession of wealth. There is nothing of the kind. If so, then the miser is the happiest of mankind. But his very name constitutes the greater part of the significant word miserable. It is in the active pursuit of anything that exhilaration lies, and pleasure, and even what there may be of dignity. Mere money making would be despicable did it not involve the activity of natural and worthy powers. The energy of the seeming avarice of acquisition is nobler and more beneficial than supine profuseness and inactive lethargy.

Enterprise is the golden fruit rather than the latter its successful result. The expedition to Eldorado is worth far more than the gold that lies hidden there. So it is with business.

You take your pleasure in buying and selling, and conducting the manifold affairs of trade wherein activity finds full play in the excitement of gain and the risks of venture.

Honor, integrity, and industry, at the moment and in the act of their exercise, are what yield rewards, hence the reason why man is still beckoned on no matter how great may be his already accumulated fortune. Once embarked upon the ocean of acquisition man is not content to anchor in the narrow and quiet inlet of expenditure only. He is happier, safer, grander, while alert and tossed upon the restless billowy wave of action.

And moreover activity in industry is essentially social. No man can improve either himself or his neighbor without neighborly help, and to better the world is to set the world to work together. Every useful invention has been carried out and perfected by the co operation of many minds, or by the successive applications of varied genius to the same object age after age.

The mechanic must aid the philosopher, or he must stand still in his demonstrations; and the philosopher must aid the mechanic, or he will work and work without wisdom. The astronomer needs the telescope, and the chemist his material and apparatus. The sciences hang on the arts and the arts on the sciences.

SANCTUM CHAT.

BRUSHES or combs used on the heads of persons afflicted with scaly baldness will communicate the disease to other heads, and it is said baldness is spread by hairdressers who employ combs and brushes on their customers, one after another, without any regular cleansing of these articles after they are used.

—

THE duration of life in England is on the increase. Men's lives are prolonged two, and women's three and one-third years beyond the limit of thirty-five years ago. The change is ascribed to various causes, prominent among which are the influence of the temperance movement and the diminishing virulence of epidemics.

—

A CURIOUS AMENDMENT to the defeated Wife Beating bill was proposed in the Massachusetts House of Representatives a few days ago. It provided that if the man was drunk when he beat his wife, the liquor seller who sold him the liquor and the man who owned the premises where the liquor was sold should also be publicly whipped in the same manner as the wife beater.

—

IN the new School of Medicine now being erected in Paris it is proposed to keep a registry of all the legally recognized physicians throughout the world. A preliminary investigation has shown that such a list would comprise about 193,000 names, namely 65,000 in the United States, 36,000 in France, 32,000 in Germany and Austria, 35,000 in Great Britain and colonies, 10,000 in Italy, 5000 in Spain.

—

THE successor of Dean Stanley, in England, advises school teachers to give their young pupils full accounts from time to time of any great or marked public events that are taking place, so that they may feel that the horizon of their interests is something larger than that of the school-room and the play-ground. "I venture to recall," he says, "as a good deed of my own, my having at much pains and trouble conveyed to a night's rough quarters in London as many as possible of my young Rugby pupils, in order that they might tell their children's children that they had looked on the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington."

—

THE total acreage of Scotland is 18,946,684. One single nobleman owns 1,326,000 acres and his wife 149,879. Another has 431,000 acres, a third 424,000, a fourth 378,000. Twelve proprietors own one-quarter of the whole acreage of the country; seventy proprietors own one-half. Nine-tenths of Scotland belongs to 1700 persons, and 4,000,000 of Scotchmen spend their lives earning rent for these 1700.

—

ACCORDING to the last census the total area of the United States and the territories, not including Alaska, is 2,970,000 miles. Of the States, Texas has the largest area, 262,290 square miles, and Rhode Island the smallest, 1085 square miles, so that the former would make 241 of the latter, and have 805 square miles over. But Rhode Island is ahead of all others in density of population, having 254 persons to the square mile.

—

A NOVEL and interesting entertainment took place in London the other night. A number of deaf mutes belonging to the Hackney Mission to the Deaf and Dumb gave a dramatic performance. The piece selected was "The Sorrows of Mr. Snooks." The characters in this play were represented exclusively by the deaf mutes, and the audience was largely composed of the same class of people. The performance, which was in the sign language, gave great delight to the audience of deaf mutes.

—

A NEW plan of dividing the year is proposed by a New Yorker, who says it should begin with March, the beginning of Spring. This, he argues, would bring our artificial "civic" year, so-called, into harmony with the year of nature. It would begin its "March" with the awakening of plant life; September, October, November and December would, in reality, be the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth months; and the year would come to a close with February, which would become, with more reason, what its meaning indicates—a time for expiation

—

SOME recently compiled dairy statistics may prove interesting: About $2,000,000,000 is invested in the dairy business of the United States; 15,000,000 cows supply the milk, and it takes 60,000,000 acres of land to feed them, and 700,000 men and 1,000,000 horses to attend to them and the milk they produce. These cows and horses consume annually about 30,000,000 tons of hay, 80,000,000 bushels of cornmeal and oatmeal, 275,000,000 bushels of oats and other grains, the total cost of which is about $400,000,000 per annum, while the hired help costs $168,000,000. The yearly return for this investment is 6,750,000,000 gallons of milk, which, at an average of twelve cents a gallon, would bring $810,000,000.

—

MR. VANDERBILT is stated to have said to a reporter in New York the other day: "I believe I am the richest man in the world. In England the Duke of Westminster is said to be worth $200,000,000, but it is mostly in lands and houses. It does not yield him more than two per cent. A year from now I shall be worth more than $200,000,000, and will have an income equal to six per cent on that amount." He owns 980,840 shares of railway stock, valued at $88,750,000; his railway bonds amount to $26,857,420; he holds $70,850,000 in government bonds, and a trifle of $5,000,000 in other securities—the aggregate wealth of this Midas being $301,332,418. And the ball rolls on.

—

THE report of Prof. Mohn, of Norway, who was employed to make an investigation of the protection afforded to buildings by lightning rods, shows that lighthouses, telegraph stations, and other exposed buildings, which were provided with conductors, did not by far suffer as much as churches, which, in most cases, were unprotected. It appears, in fact, that of about a hundred churches reported to have been struck by lightning, only three were provided with conductors: that of these three the first had a conductor in good order, and the building was uninjured; the second had a conductor of zinc wire, which melted, and of course left the structure without protection; the third had a wire which was rusty where it joined the earth, and the church was burned. More than one-half the number of churches struck were totally destroyed.

—

BRITISH statesmen have yielded to the pressure for the extension of franchise, slowly. The Reform bill for 1832 gave the middle classes a voice in the choice of members of the House of Commons, which had previously been under the control of the aristocracy; Disraeli's bill in 1867 gave the voting power to householders who paid poor rates in the towns, tenants who paid a rental of $60 in the counties, and lodgers paying $50 a year rent; Gladstone's bill makes the electoral qualification uniform in the United Kindom, the borough qualification of $50 rental being extended to the counties and agricultural laborers, and people in service living in the employers' houses are also admitted. France, Germany, Denmark, Greece and Switzerland have no restrictions on voting, except with reference to age; Roumania requires the voter to be twenty-five years old, and able to read and write.

—

LAUGHTER is one of the best physicians known, being as necessary as pure air to invalids, hypochondriacs, sufferers from nervous exhaustion, and those prostrated by business cares and mental worries. He is a gay companion, a foe to gloom and death, for, being a disciple of Moliere, joy, brightness and health accompany him everywhere. His treatment is simple and applicable to all ages. He never makes any charge for his services, and he is always ready to come when sent for. His face wears the brightest of smiles, which are in themselves better than most of the drugs in the pharmacopœia for curing certain diseases, and his presence is sufficient to rouse the weak and lethargic into new life. Invalids should consult him as often as possible if they would lighten their burdens, make their lives longer and happier, and defy the approaching hand of Time, which spares no one from its withering influence.

—

THE woman who works, strong in her self-respect, strong in the respect of all who toil that they may live, strong in the favor of all who have known what it is to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, strong in the spirit of personal independence, needs no protection from the "pitying patronage" of anybody. If she is at times disposed to regard any slight put upon her by those who have no business in life save to amuse themselves, she may enjoy a revenge every day, for the ravens of misfortune fly in at all windows. And there are, doubtless, among women who have found it necessary to go out into the world and battle for existence, those who find stings in the "pitying patronage" of the fortune favored, and who sit back in sackcloth amid the ennobling inspirations of their work-a-day lives. To them is commended the words of Carlisle: "All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness." Therefore, "hats-off" to the women who work! It would be idle to urge them to lift up their heads, for their heads are already uplifted.

—

IN ordinary lights the direction of the flame is always upward, but electrical illumination is not confined to any limits. This suggested to Mrs. Edison, the wife of the celebrated inventor, the use of fanciful devices as fixtures for electric lighting. Instead of a single jet flaring upward, the electric light can be distributed in every direction. Some extremely beautiful results are thus obtained. In one exhibition is a flower-pot overgrown with a wilderness of foliage all done in polished brass. The lights spring from among the leaves like flowers from their stem. Another device is called the umbrella light, in which the lamps are arranged in a circle located beneath a shining reflector. A little motor causes the lamps to revolve, and the result is two apparent whirling circles of flame. Another charming effect is a hanging framework of brass, in which the lamps are so placed that the stems form a basket that may be filled with artificial plants and flowers in their natural colors. The lights can be made to permeate ornaments in rooms and produce surprising effects. The magnificent ball-room or drawing-room of the future will be wonderful to behold.

LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

BY W. M. A.

Let us love one another—not long may we stay,
In this bleak world of mourning one drop while 'tis day,
Others fade in their noon, and few linger till eve:
Oh, there breaks not a heart but leaves someone to grieve!
And the fondest, the purest, the truest that met,
Have still found the need to forgive and forget!
Then, oh! though the hopes that we nourished decay,
Let us love one another as long as we stay!

There are hearts, like the ivy, though all be decayed,
That it seemed to clasp fondly in sunlight and shade;
No leaves droop in sadness, still gaily they spread,
Undimm'd 'midst the blighted, the lovely, and dead;
But the mistletoe clings to the oak, not in part,
But with leaves closely round it—the root in its heart;
Exists but to twine it—imbibe the same dew—
Or to fall with its lov'd oak, and perish there too!

Thus, let's love one another 'midst sorrows the worst,
Unaltered and fond, as we lov'd at the first;
Though the false wing of pleasure may change and forsake,
And the bright love of wealth into particles break,
There are some sweet affections that wealth cannot buy,
That cling but still closer when sorrow draws nigh,
And remain with us yet, though all else pass away?
Thus, let's love one another as long as we stay!

The Minister's Wooing.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

A LARGE, delightful room, with two book-cases filled with volumes, an oval table in the centre of the room where the minister's sermon paper, ink, pens, and other writing conveniences were awaiting his hands; with a brilliant Persian carpet spread in the centre of the room, with several chairs scattered around a well-worn cushioned chair, with a foot-rest, that seemed to bear the very impress of a human form, beside the shadiest window, over which dark green linen shades hung, beneath white drapings.

This was the study, and its furniture of Cliffdale parsonage; this an idventory of all it contained, except a dainty blue Bohemian vase, with a wreath of gold lilies on it, and a bouquet of white violets, blue-eyed myrtle, a spray of woodbine, a tuft of heliotrope, a leaf of lemon, and a cluster of creamy rosebuds.

A very essence of concentrated sweetness, and combined beauty of hue and delicate grace of arrangement.

And opposite it, as it stood on the study table, the other excepted object in the room—Ralph Vellis—tall, manly, intelligent, thoughtful—the young clergyman of Cliffdale parish, to whom Lillie Lane had sent the flowers, with her compliments, an hour before.

He had been standing so for several minutes, looking at the flowers, but with a sincere earnestness in his manner that seemed to indicate his thoughts had gone further than the original subject of his attention.

And that was really the case; so, all unmindful of the fact that it was Tuesday afternoon, and it was high time that he was at work upon his evening lecture, Mr. Vellis kept on thinking and thinking, from the gift to the giver, and from pretty Lillie Lane, who was the soprano in the village choir, and who always took the lead in everything pertaining to the social interests of the church, to another young girl, in whom, somehow, the young minister found himself more than usually interested.

It certainly could not have been Grace Duane's pretty face that attracted him, for she was never called pretty.

She was decidedly too thin for that; but, there had been more than one, or two, or a dozen different occasions when Vellis had been preaching with all the earnestness of his nature, and the force of the deep, sunny religion that moulded every word and act of his brave, pure life—there had been times when, meeting Grace Duane's quiet, pale face as she sat beside her little sisters in a big square pew, that the earnest glances of her dark eyes had thrilled him from head to foot, and he knew there was one approving heart and conscience among his hearers, if no more.

She seemed very different from most girls.

Vellis used to think her almost too grave and motherly, when she marshalled the five little girls to their seat, Sunday after Sunday, and yet—the rest and peace on her face helped him many and many a time.

He had unconsciously wandered off into this train of thought, as he stood looking at Lilly Lane's flowers, and then, as if conjured by the fragrance of the dreamy roses that he knew grew in the old-fashioned garden at the rear of old Lane's house, there came to him such a vision of the girl's arch, witching ways, her joyous, ringing laugh, her wilful, pretty face, with its eyes the very shade of the starry myrtle blossoms, her hair the color of the yellow honeysuckle, that his heart beat the faster and his cheeks flushed—as even ministers' hearts and faces will do, when they think of a pretty girl—provided they have any business to think of her at all.

He was a clergyman—an earnest, devoted young minister, to whom his calling was sacredly beautiful, to whom this life was a grave responsibility, and the life to come worth all the efforts to gain it.

A young minister, and yet full of the same human nature as other men; and yet as passive-hearted as though he had not learned the great, grand lesson of keeping self continually under subjection.

He had his dreams—his bright, sweet dreams of days to come, when a wife would come to his heart and arms; when little children should peep in at his study door, and scamper through the quiet, lonely house—and these dreams came surging over him in redoubled force as he leaned over, and detached one of Lilly Lane's rosebuds from its stem, and pinned it in his button-hole.

He was not in love—at least, he supposed he could not be, since he didn't know whether he loved Lilly or not.

He could afford to be patient—that which wasn't worth the waiting for, wasn't worth the having, he told himself.

Then he looked the study door, and dismissed the subject, and commenced on his lecture for that evening.

* * * * * *

A joyous, sunshiny morning, in mid July, with a sky like an immense sapphire, and a breeze blowing softly, that sent the golden frizzes in a wanton play over Lilly Lane's white forehead, as she leaned over an elaborate piece of canvas work she was working, that made Grace Duane's cheeks incarmadine with sweet rose tints.

It was in the cool-sitting room of the Duane house that the two girls were sitting that bright summer morning.

Lillie fairer than a painting, in her elaborate morning toilet of white lawn, with her flossy, yellow hair arranged to perfection, and tiny little knots of pale blue ribbon deftly nestled where the effect was best.

She sat at the window that commanded a view of the street up which Mr. Vellis would be sure to go at post-time; and to the post-office Lilly knew Mr. Vellis would go, so with her pretty face all aflush, she sat and sewed on her canvas with her vivid cherry zephyr—and waited for the handsome young minister whom she thought a great deal about, and to whom she had sent those beautiful flowers the day before.

Grace made an almost startling contrast—in her pink gingham wrapper braided with white, and a white ruffled apron: her dark-brown hair brushed low on her forehead in a loose, half-wavy arrangement, and then braided plainly at the back.

But then—as Lilly noticed with a keen appreciation of the comparison in her own favor—Grace was at home, and she was a guest—if only for a night and a day.

A huge pile of sewing was heaped in Grace's basket, and as she sat down she laughed outright.

"You never intend to sew that horrid stuff to-day? Do put it up, and get out your work for the fancy fair. I want to see if it is as pretty as mine."

But Grace only started the flying needle.

"If you want to see what I am going to make for the fancy fair, I think you will be disappointed. I am not going to make anything."

"Not make anything? Why, Grace Duane, what will they say—what will Mr. Vellis think, and you a member of the church?"

Then Grace flushed just a little, and a saucy reply was on her lips, just as a very grave, intense pair of eyes peeped in at the window where Lilly sat.

"Oh! how you startled me, Mr. Vellis, and I was that minute speaking of you. Which way did you come? I didn't see you."

She was so fair, so eager in her girlish welcome.

She had been speaking of him, and her words implied watching for him.

His blood bounded a trifle faster as he raised his hat in courteous greeting to the young ladies.

"I came the other way, and you looked so cool and comfortable, I was tempted to stop. Miss Grace, good-morning!"

She arose with a sweet dignity, and opened the door.

"Come in, Mr. Vellis, and prove our coolness and comfort. You will find us busy, but willing to be entertained."

She was earnest in her welcome as Lilly, but something was different.

He wondered what it was, as he watched her, half-curiously, seating herself beside the table.

"I have cutting to do some time to-day, and I'll take the time now, so we can talk. You wont mind, Mr. Vellis.

"Not a whit. Indeed, it reminds me so pleasantly of home, and sisters, that I shall enjoy it. Miss Lilly, that is something pretty you are doing."

She held it up triumphantly.

"Isn't it? It is for the fancy fair, and I was just telling Grace how perfectly astonished I am that she, a member, intends to do nothing. It's real wicked in her, isn't it?"

Lilly was so arch, so unmalicious; and Vellis laughed.

"What shall I do with you, Miss Grace? It is hardly a matter for church discipline, although I am anxious for all our young ladies to contribute to make the affair a success."

Grace went quietly on cutting a little body for one of the youngsters.

"If I had less to do at home, I might work for the fancy fair. But when I look at that work-basket yonder, and know, by past experience, that by the time I am at the bottom of the pile, as much more will be waiting, I think my duty lies in a different direction from even a fancy fair."

Lilly threaded her needle with a strand of jet zephyr, and Vellis noted the exquisite contrast of her white, dimpled hands.

"But we must make sacrifices, mustn't we, Mr. Vellis? I am sure I would work day and night for the fair."

A little half-bitter smile stole across Grace's face, and Vellis saw it, and wondered if Grace could possibly be ill-natured—that smile was so stern, so bitter, so contemptuous—for the instant.

"Yes," Grace returned, the next second, "I think people should make sacrifices."

And she said it so quietly that he could not possibly guess the life-long sacrifice Grace was making.

* * * * *

Cliffdale was in a tumult of delightfully innocent excitement that cool, balmy September evening, for the great event of the season was on the tapis—the long anticipated fancy fair of the little church of which Ralph Vellis was pastor.

For several days carpenters had been at work.

Then bevies of matrons had performed their substantial duties, followed by the young folks, who had put on the finishing strokes, amid a good deal of delightfully innocent flirtation.

And now, as Mr. Vellis took a last critical survey, preparatory to opening the doors, he found but one thing was wanting—one extra bouquet to top the arch over the moss-covered well, at which Lilly Lane was to preside as Rebekah, dispensing the cool refreshment for the benefit of the church fund.

A bouquet—and he knew he could get it by going down to Lane's, provided the garden was not yet rifled.

So off he went, and finding the front door hospitably open, entered as he had done scores of times before, and crossed the hall towards the family sitting-room, when a sudden outburst in Lilly's unmistakable voice arrested his steps involuntarily.

"Do you think I am a fool, mother? Do you really think, for one moment, that I would stay at home to-night, after all I have done, simply because you would like to go?"

Mrs. Lane's voice came plainly to Vellis' astonished ears.

"I go so seldom, Lilly. And what with doing up your white dress to-day, and the baby so cross—and I can't trust Biddy—I thought I would like to run over just a few minutes to see how it looks. I wouldn't keep you away half an hour."

"But don't you understand I must be at the lemonade well among the earliest comers? I wouldn't miss the evening, nor any part of it for all the world. If you won't leave Willie with Biddy, why, you can't expect me to sacrifice myself—after all my preparations, too."

Vellis heard Mrs. Lane sigh, then answer, bitterly—

"After all I have done, you could say more correctly—for all the burden has fallen on me. You have neglected your ordinary duties for weeks, to work for this fancy fair; and when I request a rest, a reprieve, for thirty short minutes—this is my daughter's gratitude. Go, Lilly, and if you can enjoy yourself, do it. It will not be the first time you have purchased your happiness the same price."

"Now scold—will——"

Mr. Vellis wanted to hear no more.

He forgot the flowers, in the conversation he had heard.

He went from the house back to his own, slowly, almost sadly, as if something hurt him.

It had hurt him, for the girl had pleased him very much, but now—she was fallen from her pedestal for ever

He saw her as she was.

* * * * * *

Behind a photograph table Grace Duane sat, demure, yet flushed with excitement, until Ralph Vellis he wondered he never had known how strictly perfect her thin, delicate features were.

She was dressed gayer than usual to-night.

In her womanly pride she had thought she would look as well as possible—perhaps he would see it, and—

So she put on a brown cashmere dress, with frills of lace at the throat and wrists, and bright bows at the neck and on her cuffs, and one bow over her forehead, over which her hair was crimped, and was wonderfully becoming.

Her velvety eyes held a broad tinge of sadness in them, over and above the adoring tenderness in them, as she covertly watched the young pastor—tall, graceful, self-possessed—as he passed through the room, and at length, the circuit made, halted at her table, looking at her thoughtful radiant face.

"You are enjoying yourself, Miss Grace? You look as if you were. May I come around and sit behind there with you? I want to see how the room looks from your point of observation."

He came "around," with a kingly grace in his self-assured air that set her heart athrill—that made her involuntarily hide a card she had in her hands.

Vellis caught sight of the attempt and laughed.

"No, you can't have any secrets from the president of the society. You are surreptitiously enjoying one of those pictures, and I demand you give it to me, that I may share the cause of your evident delight."

With a hurried movement, Grace slipped the picture into her bosom, and with blushing cheeks turned her head away.

Vellis looked thoughtful, and after a few remarks on the appearance of the room, turned away.

The following morning he entered the home of Grace, and made his way to the sitting-room, where before he had met Lilly and Grace on just such another sunshiny morning.

Grace sat before a table, gazing so intently at something she held in her hand, as to be completely oblivious of the minister's presence.

One glance and Vellis saw that the object on which her gaze was centred was the photograph with which he had surprised her the night before.

Stepping up to her side, he said—

"Miss Grace, I must—I will share your secret."

He caught her hand—the hand that held the card.

He was joking, when he spoke, but a sight of her face suddenly drove every idea of mischief from his brain.

Grace was pale as death, and her eyes were glittering like black diamonds.

"Please relieve my hand, Mr. Vellis; it is something I cannot permit you to see."

There was something in her voice that fairly wailed with anguish.

"I cannot see? You cannot trust me with a secret of yours, Gracie?"

Somehow, the sudden thought that it was the picture of a lover of Grace's shot through his heart like a knife, with a queer, sharp pain, very different from the disappointed sorrow Lilly Lane had caused him hours ago, and on the impulse of the moment he called her name—for the first time in their years acquaintance.

She flushed suddenly.

Then as suddenly paled.

Then, with an impatient, half-angry, half-defiant look in her eyes, that electrified him with surprise, and some other vague, exquisite sensation, Grace threw the picture in his hand and turned her head away.

He looked, and saw—his own picture, and under it the penciled words—

"My darling—my darling!"

For a second, Grace thought she should die of shame.

For a second, Vellis stood in mute, strange bewilderment, that deepened with every heart's beat into ecstasy.

Then he spoke, and Grace knew that her sacrifice was repaid in full.

"Gracie, can this be true? Are you my darling? Will you take me for yours?"

And that was the minister's wooing.

The House Opposite.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

IT was the twilight of a Christmas Eve. The pale grey of the winter's sky was scarcely flushed by the low-lying sunset clouds, though sometimes you could catch a gleam of their scant brightness as you turned westward.

The streets were crowded as usual, but everybody seemed even more than usually in a hurry.

The air was intensely cold, and nipped the noses of those who were late with their Christmas shopping.

But, in spite of it, men and women still jostled each other, or stopped to look at tempting displays of goods in the store-windows.

Everybody, it seemed, had some small person at home who must be made happy to-morrow.

From the window of a large but shabby-looking house, two children looked down at the throng below, as though they had been looking all day.

They were in the fourth story of the house, and they could see into the street very distinctly, but still the movement of the bustle interested them, and their mother was thankful that they had it to watch.

She herself was sewing, catching the last glint of light for her work, as she had the first ray of dawn.

She had been a beautiful, high-bred woman.

Indeed, she was yet, though there was no one to note the unconscious elegance of her gestures, or the graceful lines of her curving figure or bent head.

She was very thin now, and very poorly clad, but a stranger would have felt that she was a lady, and wondered how she had come in the fourth story of this house—a great house, which had been handsome, too, in its day, but which was now let out to innumerable lodgers, mostly of the decent sort of honest, hard-working, half-starved poor people.

Not with such neighbors had Mrs. Van's lot been formerly cast, nor for such uses as this had the old house itself been designed.

It had been a very grand, stately mansion in its time, belonging to a good old family.

But there was one great comfort in this house—it had been so well built that its thick walls shut out all noises effectually, and made solitude possible even in a tenement house.

Perhaps Mrs. Van thought of this when she moved there.

There was something in the faded grandeur of the old mansion that harmonized with the lingering grace of her own faded beauty.

Its lofty walls were wainscoted with oak, almost black with time now; and any imaginative person would have been likely to people it with the ghosts of beautiful girls, whose room no doubt this was in the old days.

But Mrs. Van's two little girls didn't think of the other girls who might have lived there once.

They were too young for that, and too hungry.

Ethel was only ten.

And shy little Susie, beside her, scarcely seven.

They saw a sight, however, from the window at which they stood, that interested them more than any vision of the past would have done.

The street in which they lived was in a transition state.

Trade had come into it, and yet there were some of the rich old residents who still clung to the houses in which their fathers and mothers had lived and died.

There was one such directly opposite; and to look into the parlor over the way, and see all the warmth, brightness and beauty of which they themselves were deprived, had been the chief enjoyment of the little Vans ever since they had been in the house.

They were all that Mrs. Van had left—these two girls.

Wealth was gone, friends were gone, father and father's home, husband and husband's home—hope itself was gone; but she was not quite alone while she had these two for whom to struggle—to live or to die, as Heaven would.

It was for their sakes that she had worked from dawning to nightfall, through she had felt all the time what seemed to her a mortal sickness stealing over her.

Their breakfast and dinner had been only bread, of which she herself had scarcely tasted.

But to-morrow was Christmas, and it would be hard with her but she would give them better fare then.

A dozen times during the day one or the other little voice had asked anxiously—

"Shall we surely have dinner to-morrow, because it is Christmas Day?"

And she answered—

"Please Heaven you surely shall. My work is almost done."

And then she stitched away more resolutely than ever on the child's frock she was elaborately embroidering.

The children meanwhile were feeding upon hope, and watching a scene in the house over the way, where, as they thought, all that any human creature could possibly hope for had already been given.

Busy preparations had been made in that other house for Christmas.

There was a great Christmas tree in one corner, all full of little tapers, and a large, fair, gentle-looking woman had been engaged much of the afternoon in arranging gifts upon it.

Now, with the twilight, a boy and a girl had come in and were watching the lighting up of the Christmas tree.

"It's so good of them not to close the curtains," Ethel said, with a sigh of delight. "It's almost as good as being there—almost."

"I do suppose that's the very grandest house in London," little Susie said, in a tone of awe and admiration.

"Nonsense, you only think that because you are so little," answered Ethel, from the height of her three years more experience.

"You forget, but I can remember. We had a finer house ourselves before poor papa died.

"There are plenty of them; only we're so poor we don't see them."

"Oh, it's good to be that little girl," cried Susie.

"See how pretty her dress is, and how her hair curls; and she'll have lots of presents off that Christmas tree."

"So should we, if we had papa," Ethel answered, gravely. "Mamma, when we get up to heaven, do you think papa will know we're his little girls?"

"I'm sure he will," Mrs. Van answered.

And then she rose wearily.

"It's all done," she said, as she shook out the lovely little robe into which she had wrought so many patient stitches.

"I cannot carry it home just yet, I am so tired; I must lie down first.

"But you shall have a good dinner to-morrow my darlings."

The children had seen her tired before, and they did not think much about it when she groped her way to a bed in the corner and lay down, drawing the scant bedclothes up over her.

They stood at the window still and watched the merry children opposite, until at last a servant came and closed the curtains and shut away from them the Christmas tree, with all its gleaming lights, and the boy and girl, dancing round it to some gay tune which their mother played.

Then Ethel and Susie began to realize that they were hungry, and the room was dark.

Ethel lit a candle.

The fire was nearly out, but she would not make up mother till the morning.

"I won't wake up mamma," she said, with the premature thoughtfulness that characterized her. "She's so tired.

"We'll just have supper, and then I'll hear you say 'Our Father,' and we'll get to bed, and in the morning it will be Christmas."

Supper was the rest of the bread.

And then the two little creatures knelt down together and said their well-known prayers, and their sleep was just as sweet as if they had been in the warm, soft nest of the children over the way.

Nothing troubled their quiet slumber until the light of the Christmas morning broke through their windows, and the day began.

"It must be ever so late," said Ethel, rubbing her sleepy eyes, "and mamma isn't awake yet.

"But she was so tired. You lie still Susie, and I'll light the fire, and when she wakes up, she'll find it all done."

Very patiently the poor little half-frozen fingers struggled with the fire that seemed determined never to light—but they succeeded at last, and the room began to grow a little warm.

Then she dressed Susie, and then it began to seem very late, indeed, and she wondered if mamma would never wake up.

She went to the bed and bending over, kissed her mother gently, then started back with a sudden alarm.

"Why, Susie, she's so cold—almost like poor papa—only you can't remember—just before they took him away."

"No, she can't be like papa," Susie said, stoutly; "for he was dead, and mamma is only asleep."

"Yes, she's asleep," said the elder sister, firmly. "We must wait till she wakes up. We'll look over the way, and then, maybe it won't seem so long."

But over the way was brighter than ever this Christmas morning.

The curtains had been looped back once more, the table glittered with lovely gifts, and presently the little girl who lived there came to the windows.

She looked up at them—they were sure of it, but they could not have guessed what she said, as she turned away and spoke to her mother.

"Oh, mamma," cried the sweet young voice, "won't you go and see these two poor little girls? They stood all day yesterday and last night; and now see how sad they look. I can't play with my Christmas things while they look so pale and lonesome.

"Won't you go over and see them, mamma dear?"

Mrs. Rosenburg was a woman of warm and earnest sympathies when once they were aroused.

When she was a girl, she too had quick impulses like her child.

But she had grown selfish, perhaps, as she grew older, or maybe only careless, for the quick sympathies were there still, as you could see now that her little girl had touched them.

"To be sure I will," she answered at once. "Poor little things, I wish we could make merry Christmas for all, but since we can't, at least we won't have faces white with want looking in at our very windows."

So the watching, wondering children saw the large, fair lady wrap herself in a heavy shawl, and then come out and cross the street, and enter into their house.

"What if she saw us; and what if she is coming here?" Ethel said breathlessly.

Then they listened as if their hearts were in their ears.

They heard feet upon the stairs, and then a gentle tap, and the lady from over the way stood in their room.

"I saw you at the window," she said, "and came over to wish you a merry Christmas. How is this? Are you all alone?"

"No, ma'am, mamma is in the bed there; but she was very tired yesterday, and she hasn't waked up."

An awful terror seized Mrs. Rosenburg.

Had this woman died of want and weariness in sight of her own windows?

She stepped to the bedside, and drew away the clothes gently from the face of the sleeper.

She looked a moment on that fair, faded face, and then she grew white as death.

"Children she asked what are your names?"

"I am Ethel Van," the eldest girl answered, "and she is Susie."

Mrs. Rosenburg had knelt by the bedside.

She had lifted the low-lying head upon her arm, and drawn a bottle of pungent salts from her pocket, and she was crying as if her heart would break, while the children looked wondering on.

"Oh, Ethel, my own old Ethel, wake up."

And then she dropped her cheek all wet with tears, against the white, cold cheek that was so still.

Oh, was it the warm tears, or the voice that sounded from far away out of the past, or only the strong odor, that roused the poor soul from that long, heavy sleep of exhaustion that had so nearly been the sleep of death?

I do not know, but I know the eyes did open, and behold the tender face bending above them.

And then, like a little child, the children heard their mother cry—

"Oh, Susie, Susie, have I been dreaming all this time?"

And then there were explanations, and the story of the long years since Susie Bryant and Ethel Carlisle were girls together was told.

But the best of it all, the children thought, was when the lady from over the way took them home with her and told them the boy and girl there should be their brother and sister, and they should live there henceforth; for she who had found again her best friend, would never more let her struggle with want alone.

And so the children had a merry, merry Christmas in the bright warm room, which had seemed to them such a paradise when they looked down into it from their window, through the falling shadows of Christmas Eve.

A Stolen Portrait.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

ANTONIA HAVEN looked from her superb height at petite Agate May—little blossom-faced Agate, with her shy, downcast eyes, and her thick, short, golden hair that curled in loose tendrils all over her head.

Antonia was a queenly girl, who well knew and justly rated her attractions.

She was dark like an Italian, with great slumberous eyes that languished so delightfully when she wanted them to; with coal-black hair always arranged in the most fashionable style; a stylish, dashing girl, who liked gentlemen's society generally, and Vaughan Ringsland's in particular.

Just at this identical moment of which we write, Mr. Ringsland was lolling on the sofa in Mrs. May's sitting-room.

"You don't really mean you believe in Fate, or Destiny, or any such nonsense?" said Antonia.

"I always think what is to be will be," said Agate.

"Without regard for man's free agency? Well, you can't convince me of any such nonsense.

"Mr. Ringsland, what do you think of it now?"

Ringsland laughed.

"I think with Agate, that what is to be will be—of course it is an axiom—that declaration.

"Also I believe firmly in man's free agency. For instance——"

He looked regularly at her, and Antonia's heart gave a sudden thrill.

Her voice lowered precisely enough as she answered—

"For instance—what, Mr. Ringsland?"

"I meant simply and solely for an example, you know—that if, for instance, I had made up my mind to win a certain lady, I should be a firm believer in man's free agency; while on the other hand, if she was determined to win me, and I was not in the same mood, I would not answer that what was to be—that is, she wouldn't be successful."

It was a very strange speech, but, somehow, it delighted Antonia, who was so surfeited with ordinary, everyday love-makings.

So, utterly oblivious of the dainty blushes in Agate May's cheeks as she listened to Ringsland, Antonia went on, almost gleefully.

"Then surely you believe in astrologers, Mr. Ringsland? I do—oh! if Agate could only once hear one of them."

But she looked up in Antonia's handsome, vivid face.

"A fortune-teller? Ah, Antonia, I have always wanted to have my fortune told.

"Can't we go somewhere?"

Ringsland laughed.

"And hear of the inevitable 'light-complected' and 'dark-complected' young man; of the fortune that is dead sure to come, and a surprise that is awaiting you. I can tell you all that, Agate."

Miss Haven turned her black eyes on him again.

"Can you conjure up the picture of her future husband? I know of a number of cases where it has been done."

Agate's blue eyes opened.

"Can they? Don't they ever make a mistake?"

Ringsland was enjoying her childish innocence and astonishment to the full, and now he answered so very gravely that it set Agate's heart all a-flutter.

"Never. So correct are they, Agate, that if you happened to be engaged to one fellow, and the astrologer showed you the picture of another, you'd find yourself giving up the first, even if you didn't want to, and waiting for the other one."

"Then I hope they'll show me——"

Agate paused suddenly, but in that one hesitating second Antonia read her secret.

She loved Vaughan Ringsland, the man Antonia herself was in ecstacies over.

A hard, steely glitter shown in her black eyes for a moment, then she laughed softly.

"Take care, Agate.

"Wait until we go to-morrow, and then we'll tell Mr. Ringsland all about it when we come back."

And Agate, nothing suspecting, went to her room that night, and lay down beside Antonia Haven, thinking, as she closed her eyelids, that, if the fortune-teller would only show her Vaughan Ringsland, she would be the happiest girl in Christendom.

* * * * * *

It was a large, semi-dark room, hung with curtains of dark brown, on which were inscribed various hieroglyphics, the very sight of which sent curdles of horror all over Agate as she waited alone in the dim, mysterious place, while Antonia preceded her into the inner sanctum where the sorceress showed you the picture of your future husband.

She sat there, feeling somewhat reassured at the sound of human voices behind the curtain, and one of them Antonia's; then—springing from her chair, when there came an undeniable scream from Antonia's lips—whether of fear, or pain, or astonishment, she could not tell—until the curtain parted, and Antonia herself came through, pale, and anxious, and agitated.

"Agate! Agate! what shall I do? See here—oh, Agate, can it be true? Can there be such bliss in reserve for me? Come—see him, Agate!"

Almost as bewildered as herself, Agate followed her into her inner room.

Her gaze was fixed in the direction of Antonia's finger.

Behind a large square glass transparency, and around which a flame of red hue was curling from a crucible fire at its base, was a picture, as perfect in every detail as if the original had stood before them, from the careless toss of the hair off the forehead to the slight cleft in the chin — Vaughan Ringsland to the life.

Agate gazed helplessly at it, and she almost gasped the question that arose to her lips.

"Not—not Ringsland—for you?"

Her piteous incredulity that Ringsland could be for other than herself shot a pang, even to Antonia's hard heart.

"Yes, it is fate? I cannot help it: and Agate, it is not such a terrible destiny, is it?"

There was a gleam of triumph in her eyes as she noted how implicitly the girl accepted the "fate," and as she glanced at the smiling, handsome face over which the crimson flames were fading, she thought for Ringsland's sake anything was right.

Agate sat still as a statue, only her eyes betokening the snapping of hope's sweet chords in her heart; then she arose, wearily.

"You must know how it hurts me, Antonia; but, as you say, it is fate. No one is to blame: it isn't your fault if he loves you—you are so beautiful.

"But Antonia, it is awful to hear! I love him, too—oh, I never knew till this moment how much I did love him!"

She refused to have her future predicted.

So they went away home, where they would see the sunshine of Vaughan Ringsland's fair face, and hear the tones of his voice, that made one woman's heart ache as she thought of the bright, ebon-haired beauty between them, who was his "fate." And Antonia—her eyes danced as Ringsland had never seen them dance before, as she came into the library to bring him the promised report.

"Well, Aggie, child—why, what's the matter with you?"

He sprang from his chair and reached his arm to detain Agate from passing through the room.

She shrank away, as if hurt by the contact of his hand.

"Don't please nothing is the matter. I don't feel quite well, that is all."

She went out, followed by Antonia's bright eyes and Ringsland's surprised glances.

"Poor child," Antonia said, so tenderly; "she is a little distraite—a little disappointed, I think. She—she——"

She let her eyes fall before Ringsland's roguish glances.

"Yes; she saw what or didn't see what?"

"She changed her mind at the last. I went first and when—when they showed me the picture of—of my future husband——"

Ringsland interrupted her with an exclamation of incredulity.

"You actually saw the picture of your future husband?"

"I actually saw the faithful likeness of a gentleman of my acquaintance."

"I must confess I was doubtful on that subject; but if you saw your future happiness, why—my faithfulness is shaken a little."

Antonia made no reply; she was busy with her thoughts just then.

Ringsland dispelled them roughly.

"Where's Agate? I want to hear what Agate heard or saw. Oh, yes—she gave up the idea, you say. Isn't it singular? She was very anxious last night. Agate, I want you. Come here."

He caught a glance of her as she was passing the window.

Agate, with a fierce tug of pain at her heart, went in, resolved never to tell him, while Antonia resolved she should.

Ringsland greeted her gaily.

"I verily believe that you are not sick, but jealous, Miss Agate May. Confess or ——"

But Agate did not laugh back at him; instead, the deathly pallor increased.

"Don't, Mr. Ringsland—please don't! I am sick—don't you see I am?"

She extended one hand in a sort of wistful entreaty that touched him.

"I think you are, child. I was cruel to tease you; forgive—why, Miss Haven—I beg pardon, but I am astonished to find this in your possession."

For, from Antonia's pocket, as she drew forth her handkerchief, there fell, face up, a photograph of himself—with his name pencilled underneath, and "for Aggie," following the name.

It was slightly tinged with red, as if a powder had been dusted over it, then erased as thoroughly as possible.

Antonia made a futile effort to obtain it, but he succeeded in reaching it.

He held it up, a strange, grave surprise on his features, as he turned to Agate.

"Is this the way you use the gift I sent you? I did not think you would give my portrait even to your friend."

Agate sprang towards him, her lips parted in agitated surprise.

"Oh, Vaughan—Mr. Ringsland, I did not give it to her—I never gave it to anybody. It's mine yet; give it to me."

Then she turned like a flash on Antonia.

"Where did you get it, Antonia? See that red, dusky tinge on it. Oh, Antonia."

For, with a glimpse of the tell-tale crimson, it had occurred to her mind with horrible force and truth.

"What of the red tinge on it? What do you mean to infer, Agate May?"

"What do you mean—oh, Antonia—you know what I mean—how could you do it?"

Ringsland smiled, coolly.

"You have been playing a little drama—you ladies, that I see through, though very indistinctly as yet. Explain, Aggie, this mysterious red mark, first, please."

Blushes as red as the flame-mark surged over Agate's face for a moment; then, as she caught a second sight of Antonia's dark flashing eyes, she shivered with the memory of that moment when she learned Ringsland was not her fate.

"Tell me at once, Agate. What has my picture to do with your escapade this morning, and your suffering? Tell me, dear."

She looked suddenly up—that "dear" thrilled every fibre of her being.

"Don't ask me, please, Mr. Ringsland. It was a—a——"

"'Mistake,' you would charitably decide? Answer me this, Agate—did the sorcress show any picture?"

She nodded yes.

"Did she show mine?"

Another nod.

"To you, Agate?"

Then a low murmured—

"No."

"To Miss Haven?"

The little golden head went down again.

"And in a red flame, Aggie?"

That was the test question, and Antonia paled as "Yes" came reluctantly from Agate's lips.

Ringsland laughed, then went past Antonia and took Agate in his arms and kissed her.

"I am afraid the seeress made a mistake, darling. I think I am your fate, if I may be—may I?"

Then turning to Antonia.

"We will call it a little 'mistake,' Miss Haven, as Agate wishes to charitably do; and after to-day I shall never revert to the fact of your borrowing my picture from Aggie's room, and putting it to such a use, that I am compelled to refuse your future acquaintance for myself and wife."

Antonia listened, as a prisoner listens to the doom from a judge; and realized that, in playing for high stakes, she did what other gamblers have done—lost the game through a freak of fate.

Changed Yet True.

BY PERCY HERBERT.

"THEY will make a fine lady of you, Jennie, and you will forget me."

The speaker, a tall, stalwart farmer, of about twenty-three, leaned over Jennie Harmon as he spoke, with a pleading sadness in his large dark eyes, that went straight to her loving tender heart.

She was a little fairy-like girl, dainty and pretty, though brought up on a farm, and accustomed to all a woman's work there, and when Ralph Moore wooed her, he was the envy of half the young farmers there in his success.

But pretty Jennie was not a farmer's daughter, though her mother was daughter of honest Will Nelson, a sturdy countryman.

Pretty Susie Nelson had married a gentleman, who was killed just two months after his wedding-day, and while making a visit to Farmer Nelson's.

His widow had known nothing of her husband's family, but was, by his will, heiress to two thousand pounds.

Her parents kept her in her old home, but she died while little Jennie was a mere baby.

So the child had grown up with her grand-parents, the income of her father's legacy giving her a good education at the village seminary, while it enabled her to dress in a dainty fashion well suited to her pretty face and trim figure.

When Ralph Moore, who had been Jennie's lover while she was a baby and he a sturdy urchin, declared his love, pretty Jennie, but seventeen, blushingly consented to be his wife, knowing the world held no one dearer to her than her handsome farmer lover.

There was no need to delay the wedding, for Ralph was "well to do" and Jennie's patrimony could still be used for her own expenses.

"The course of true love" was running very smooth when a letter from London reached the farm.

A sister of Wilfred Harmon's Mrs. Stuart, suddenly remembering the existence of her brother's child, wrote to invite Jennie to spend a winter in London, and if she was satisfied, to remain to travel for two years with her aunt.

The royal little maiden would have refused after the first sight of Ralph rueful face, but her grand-parents would not allow her so to decide.

They were pleased that her father's relatives, at even so late a date, should remember her, and lacking the advantages of education and refinement for themselves, were doubly anxious to secure them for Jennie.

So, after many and long discussions, it was finally decided that Jennie must accept Mrs. Stuart's invitation.

I was at the parting interview, in the farm-porch, by the light of a clear moon, that Ralph, with wistful earnestness, spoke the thought uppermost in his heart.

"They will make a fine lady of you, Jennie, and you will forget me."

Jennie's voice was very tender and true, as she answered—

"How can I forget my promised husband, Ralph?"

"But your grandfather will not let you consider ours a binding engagement. He insists that you are to consider yourself free."

"My heart will be yours, Ralph, though I should be away ten years. You may trust me. I shall try to learn all I can while I am with my aunt; but there is no fear of my ever being a fine lady. I shall come home in a year or two, and be your wife as I promised."

"And in the meantime we are not even to correspond?"

"My grand-father does not think it best. But you can trust me, Ralph."

He looked down into the soft, beseeching eyes, so earnest and true, and felt that he could trust her.

Still, how many things beside want of faith might come between them in the threatened separation?

And Ralph Moore's was not a transient admiration.

He could not remember when he had not loved Jennie Harmon.

There might be women more beautiful, more accomplished, but he knew that no woman could ever fill his heart as Jennie did.

To lose her, after he knew his love was returned, was a cruel blow, and the fear of it almost unmanned him.

But there was no hope for the temporary separation.

Ralph was far too honorable to attempt to influence a girl so young as Jennie to defy the wishes of her guardians, and he trusted her while his heart ached sorely.

It was a strange new life upon which the little country maiden entered, and she met much that was very delightful.

First of all, a warm affection from her aunt, who, making no allusion to her long neglect, received Jennie as a dearly-loved niece, lavishing upon her all the tender care of a fond relative, with ample riches to gratify every whim.

This opened the way for a keen enjoyment of the long visit, for Jennie confided to her aunt all the longings for cultivations that her seminary education had started without gratifying.

She had a love for study for its own sake, but books were a luxury not easily procured in her remote country home.

To be able to pick and choose from a large collection was a treat indeed.

Every sight was a new stirring of the active young mind, and Mrs. Stuart, a woman of brilliant intellect and rare accomplishments, found ample employment in feeding Jennie's love of knowledge.

It was no part of her plan to introduce her niece to society until she had trained her with exquisite tact and gentleness in the routine of society etiquette, and she did this so delicately that the new air of refinement brushed none of the gentle simplicity from Jennie's manner.

Graceful and quiet by nature, she was as far removed from rough or coarse manners as from any affectation of fine-ladyism.

The winter passed in a quiet round of pleasure, without any great gaiety, though Mrs. Stuart kept Jennie's time fully and pleasantly occupied.

She was introduced to a few intimate friends, and had some pleasant social evenings, though it was understood she was not yet "out."

In view of the proposed trip, Mrs. Stuart provided a French and German teacher, and read for some hours every day with her niece.

I will not describe the trip, which extended over a period of four years, instead of two, and ended suddenly at last by an accident in Italy, which resulted in Mrs. Stuart's death.

Jennie was injured, but recovered, and the remainder of the party with which she had travelled being about to return to London, she joined them, and came home once more; home to the inheritance of her aunt's fortune, to the house now all her own, and the freedom of a wealthy woman.

Young, beautiful, rich, she was courted by many whose love was an honor, but as yet she was Jennie Harmon, with no talk in society of a husband.

But the tender heart was doing sore battle during that homeward trip, with the expanded mind, the cultured intellect.

No change of fortune, no admiration of society could have made Jennie false to the lover of her girlhood.

She would have despised herself if poverty or riches could have made any change in her heart.

But her selfhood had undergone so great a change that she trembled at the thought of meeting Ralph, giving him the right to claim her promise.

In the long years of absence she had been thrown into frequent intercourse with men of cultivation, men of art, of letters, who had taught her, unconsciously, what were Ralph's deficiencies.

Even in her girlish days she had realized that the young farmer was ignorant of many studies with which her seminary education had made her familiar, but household cares promised to so fill her future life that she had heeded little of the mental pursuit of either.

But Jennie Harmon, at twenty-two, realized sadly that she could not fit into the groove she had left at seventeen.

It was with no feeling of contempt for old pursuits that she looked upon them as distasteful, but simply from a certainty that she had unfitted herself for them.

Had she been obliged to work again, she would have cheerfully lifted the burden; but with an ample fortune, servants for every department of work, and a taste for literature, art, and works of charity, she shrank from the prospect of the work of a farm.

But would Ralph understand this, or would he merely accuse her of having become the fine lady he had dreaded?

Jennie grew pale and preoccupied on that homeward trip, longing to have the momentous interview over, yet dreading the result.

But upon one point her resolve was taken.

If Ralph claimed her promise, she would be his wife, and suit her life to his.

If he had given her faithful love in all those years of absence, she would not grieve the loving heart.

Arriving at London Jennie found there were many things demanding her attention, and her proposed trip to her country home must be postponed for several weeks.

During this time one of Mrs. Stuart's intimate friends, who had been of the party, consented to share her home and be her companion in her business duties.

So the haunting fear of the long sea voyage was for a time swallowed up by a press of busy care, and Jennie began to look upon her meeting with Ralph as something in a vague future still.

Perhaps he was married.

The idea did not give her the relief she had thought it would, for, spite of all misgivings, there was no one just like Ralph.

It was nearly a month after Jennie's return, and business cares were lessening, so that she knew she would soon be free to visit her country home.

She was thinking of this one morning as she sat by the window, looking into the busy street.

The fair sweet face, ennobled by the development of the mind, was very beautiful, the soft, creamy complexion bearing well the mourning dress relieved by soft lace at throat and wrist.

Her musing was interrupted by the entrance of her aunt's lawyer, Mr. Hepburn, an old gentleman, who had a fatherly fondness for his young client.

"I have come to bid you good-by for a few weeks, Miss Jennie," he said, and to ask your favorable consideration of my partner in my place.

"He has all the papers for the conclusion of these mortgage transfers, and understands your wishes as well as I do.

"You must not think because he is quite young that he is not competent.

"He is a self-educated man, but he has studied intelligently and industriously, and will yet make a good lawyer.

"I have taken him into partnership since my old partner died, because, in his two years of study in my office, I learned to like and respect him.

"He is waiting in the library. May I introduce him?"

"Certainly," Jennie answered; "you might have been sure I would trust anyone you recommended to me."

In a few moments there was a new step in the room, but the partner came in alone.

Jennie looked up, surprised that Mr. Hepburn was not with his partner, and, looking up, met a pair of brilliant dark eyes fixed upon her face.

The new partner certainly looked very familiar.

Surely that handsome face had bent over her own, in times gone by.

The same yet not the same.

The graceful, courtly manner, the air of refinement, the culture visible in eye and brow, these were now, but the tender smile, the loving eyes, the stalwart figure were surely Ralph's.

He came forward slowly, his eyes seeking Jennie's, reading all the varying expressions in her speaking face.

Wonder, doubt, pleasure, but as he came closer, love, surely love, irradiating all.

"Jennie," he said, bending over her, his eyes full of eager pleading. "I have trusted you."

"And I have been true."

That was all for many minutes, hand clasping hand, and full content in each heart.

Then Jennie asked—

"And are you Mr. Hepburn's partner?"

"Yes, darling. I could not rest after you left me Jennie.

"I knew too well that you would not come back to the old life unchanged, so I thought to fit myself to meet the change in you.

"You can love me as well, Jennie, here as [illegible]"

"Oh Ralph! was it indeed for love of me that you left home, farm, the life you loved, to study in the great city?"

"For love of you at first, dear. But I soon loved my studies and my profession for their own sake.

"I sold the farm and put the price into the purchase of my partnership.

"But it was not until Mrs. Stewart died that I knew Mr. Hepburn was her lawyer. He has been very kind to me, and I told him my love and my hope before we came here to-day.

"Shall I tell you what he said, Jennie?"

"Yes I have a high respect for his opinion."

"He said that, if you become a fine lady, he would introduce a fine gentleman. But we are not so changed as that are we, Jennie?"

"I don't know. You are Ralph still, but certainly not the Ralph I left."

"And you are Jennie still, but sweeter, lovelier than ever."

"Hem! Beg your pardon, if I intrude!"

This from a third voice, and Jennie started to find Mrs. Nichols close beside her chair.

"Mr. Moore," she said, "my kind friend, Mrs. Nichols. Mrs. Nichols, this is my betrothed, whom I have not seen for nearly five years."

So, all doubts dispelled, all fears removed, Jennie gladly welcomed Ralph to the old place in her heart, knowing him stronger, wiser and more learned than herself, but tender, loyal and true as in the old days when she gave her heart into his safe keeping.

Convinced Beyond a Doubt.

The editor of the Bridgeport, Conn., *Eagle*, (Mr. A. Cheny), gives the following emphatic testimony:

"I have waited to satisfy myself that the cure would be permanent, and I am convinced beyond a doubt. I am free to say that without the Oxygen I should have been hundreds of dollars 'poorer off' today in consequence of not being able to attend to business. When I commenced its use I was completely run down, my stomach being in a wretched condition. After a faithful course of the Oxygen, I am as hearty, strong, and vigorous as I ever was in my life. I feel like 'a new man,' all owing to the Compound Oxygen, which deserves all the praise I can bestow.

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen" containing a history of the discovery, the mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philada.

OF THE SYNAGOGUE.

YOU'll thoroughly orthodox and thoroughly conservative Jew—an individual common enough in Eastern Europe, and by no means so rare in England as many may imagine—is firmly convinced that the "shool," as the house of worship is familiarly designated, is regularly frequented by the "meisim" or departed members of the congregation, who assemble there for the purpose of prayer and study, just as they did while alive.

Be that, however, as it may, no orthodox Israelite under any circumstances ever enters or attempts to enter a synagogue without giving three preliminary knocks at the door, in order to warn the dead of the approach of a living co-religionist, and thus afford them time to vanish ere any one disturb them.

Unlucky is he accounted who ventures to intrude without so doing; and thrice unlucky is he deemed, who should, peradventure, look with mortal eyes upon the "meisim" of congregants from the grave, for he would be struck blind.

To this day, no Jewess enters a synagogue by herself. If alone when she reaches the "shool," she remains outside until one of the male members of the congregation arrives. When he has passed in, then, and then only, will she go in the sacred building.

And also, just as it is customary to knock three times before entering a synagogue, out of regard for the dead who may be within, so it is customary never to look back into the house of prayer when leaving it, or passing by outside.

An orthodox Israelite would no more look behind him when he has once passed the "shool" than glance back into a cemetery when coming from a funeral.

On the day of atonement—the most solemn of all holy days among the Jews—orthodox people are accustomed to wear, over their ordinary attire, their shrouds—the white linen garments in which they are some day to be buried.

Further, it is the custom in all orthodox congregations throughout Europe for the worshippers who attend on this solemn occasion to cover their heads with their "talithim," or "praying-scarves," for with his head so covered, every Israelite, observant or not, is buried.

Only in one synagogue do the members depart from this universal practise—in the "alt-shool" of Posen. Here this practise is prohibited. For upwards of three hundred years the worshippers have never covered their heads with their "talithim" as in all other Jewish communities.

Quite as strange in its way, as this notion about the assembling of the dead in the synagogues of the living, is the belief—to which the ultra-orthodox Jews of Eastern Europe cling with incredible tenacity—in the occult and necromantic powers of the "Baal-Shem," or "Masters of the Name," as they designate such rabbins as are popularly supposed to be acquainted with the "Ineffable Name" of the Creator, traditionally transmitted among the learned.

This "sacred name," the mystic name, of ten letters," which King Solomon knew and had impressed upon his seal—and by virtue of which he was enabled to trap the Demon King Asmodeus, and bottle-up impudent djinns, and rebellious spirits in bold to order, as the fortune-tellers the most formidable powers.

They can raise the dead, foretell events and deaths, and have command generally over disembodied souls.

Of course [illegible] of profound learning and sacred lives are supposed to be acquainted with the tetragrammaton [illegible], and, as in the matter of the [illegible], this terror in the occult powers of the "Baal-Shem" has given rise to any number of marvellous stories.

But there are more associated with portions of the Jewish ritual than the majority of Jews themselves wot of. Of the hundreds of thousand who [illegible] read through the New Year's service, how few know that one of the prayers recited on that day is held to commemorate the fact of there having been a Jewish "Pope of Rome"?—according to tradition he was burnt at the stake—while another has reference to the half-historic, half legendary narrative, known as the "Dance to Death."

A CHINESE DINNER.—To the American guest at a Chinese table it seems odd to begin dinner with the dessert, and end it with the soup; to drink the wine smoking hot, out of little china cups, and have your food brought to you ready cut up into small pieces, and to be presented with a couple of sticks instead of a knife and fork, to eat it well to have instead of napkins, [illegible] little bits of [illegible] paper by the side of your plate, which, as you use them, the attendants carry off to leave your place between the meals, to suppose it was [illegible] self, and to rinse your fingers in your teacup, and then [illegible] horizontally upon your cup to signify that you have finished your dinner.

BUDDHA.—This word (pronounced *Bood'a*) is in Sanscrit "wise, sage," from *budh*, "to know." Buddha is one of the beings worshipped or venerated by the Buddhists—a sect of religionists including more than one-third of the human race, and spreading over the greater part of Central and Eastern Asia and the Indian Islands.

The term is used to designate either the historical founder of Buddhism—a Hindu sage, named Gautama, who is thought to have lived in the sixth century B. C.—or one of his fabulous prototypes or successors, of whom there are many of different classes.

Our Young Folks.

PEASANT AND DUKE.

BY MARY HARRISON.

IT was a long, bitter winter in England, three hundred years ago.

It had begun just after the summer was ended.

The harvest was scarcely gathered in when the fields became one wide plain of snow, and all the lakes, rivers and ponds were frozen.

The land became full of lean people, who famished to death.

In the summer time they had labored in the fields, and earned the pittance needed for their family food.

Their gardens grew vegetables for their simmering soup-pots.

But winter had deprived them all of everything.

There was no labor to be done in the fields: greens no longer grew in the little patches around their huts.

They had eaten little for many weeks; their store of barley from the fields was all done.

Their last brown loaf was eaten—not a crust remained.

And they sat—fathers, mothers, babies, children—shivering, famishing, silent and sad.

Before to-morrow's dawn some of them would be dead.

So it was up and down all through the country, and so it was also in the hut of Harold Tyler.

Harold was willing to work.

Indeed, his love of wife and babies was never so strong as now that he saw them wasted and sickening around, turning pale to death.

Could they get but a little food, then they would live.

His eyes met his wife's eyes.

She was looking at him, and wondering, and longing.

He saw she was weeping, and the baby lay there upon her knee wailing wearily and weakly.

His little hands were nothing but skin and bone.

His mite of a mouth was open in a vain appeal for food.

The light had gone from his two sunken eyes, and the voice he tried to use in his plaintive cry was almost gone.

The father could bear it no longer.

He felt as if he were a murderer to sit there while away in the evergreen thickets, under the big trees of the forest on the hills, were wild deer, which could keep them all alive.

He was a feeling man, and a pitiful father.

He loved his children, and his children loved him.

Why should the deer live and the children die?

But the deer belonged to the young duke, and he would not let them be killed.

Harold's children might die. Harold's wife might die. Harold might himself die, too.

What was that to him?

But the deer must be let alone—that he insisted upon. The deer, at least, were something to him.

Harold knew this, but he felt it was horrible.

The deer should not be let alone.

He rose from his seat and staggered slightly, for he was almost a skeleton, and faint—his children had had most of his bread.

Of their very last meal he had eaten nothing.

In another instant he was out of doors, and on his way across the frozen fields to the forest.

He reached the spot. He started a young deer.

He ran, and leaped, and turned, and twisted till he at length fell upon it with such a blow as to bring it down to the ground.

And he smiled as, dizzy and faint, he lifted his precious burden to his shoulder, made strong by his joy, and bore it stealthily to his family at home.

His wife was sitting dumb and almost frozen, no milk was in her breasts for her child.

But when she saw the dead deer laid on the floor, she did not smile. She shuddered, and said:

"Harold!"

Then she bent her head over her child and cried quietly.

And, poor fellow, Harold stood by, still, silent, bewildered. He knew what she meant.

"What will they say?" she added in a little while, when she had recovered herself, thinking of the young duke and his "keepers," as they were called for the young duke had keepers to see that no one touched his deer.

Then she took the half-dead child lying on her knees and lifted it to her breast, in double agony.

To die of starvation was dreadful, but to die in the duke's dungeon!—that was worse.

"Oh, dear Harold!" she sobbed, her pale face turning still paler, "what will they do?"

"I could not help it," he replied, in a low voice.

Poor fellow! God had made him a father of children.

Man and the weather had forbidden him food for them.

He had the woe which drives men mad, and, come what would, he could bear it no longer.

Anything rather than the sight of those mute, white faces at home.

But in spite of that he trembled at the prospect of a dungeon.

"Let's get it into the pot," said he; for he felt again most the terrible hunger of his home.

Against the new danger it still seemed the more terrible.

Still, he shuddered at the consequences of being discovered by the young duke's keepers.

So he went out of the house to gather firewood to make up the fire to thaw ice, in which to boil some of the deer.

He was feeling faint and ill again; what his wife had said had taken the heart out of him; but he remembered his wife's wants and the little ones, and became desperate again.

It was yet broad daylight.

In the distance, on the way by which he had just come from the forest, he dimly saw the figure of a man.

Who was he?

He could not make out.

But had we seen Harold Tyler's face as he stood looking through his dizzy eyes, till he fancied he had discovered who it was; had we seen the pallid face grow still more death-like, and had we heard the deep sigh when the figure became clearer, and he turned round, opened the door again; and said, as he went in, in a thick, hysterical whisper, staring at his wife, "He's coming!" we should have known that this man he had seen was no friend.

A horrible silence followed. Neither father nor mother spoke.

It was no other than the young duke's gamekeeper.

A thin line of drops of rose-colored blood had fallen from the deer and marked the footsteps from the forest.

This had caught the keeper's eye upon his rounds.

He had followed it where it led, in eager search for the criminal, and found both Harold and the deer.

The keeper followed Harold in, and in another moment he had his man by the collar, and, lifting up the deer, put it upon Harold's shoulder, and led them both away.

He found death in the cottage; he might have seen it; but he did not.

We only see what we have eyes for. They were all starving there—the wife, the children, and the father; but that was no reason why he should have the deer.

Human want was no concern of his; not it.

He was strong enough and full of a comfortable life: an hour's hunger neither he nor any of his ever knew.

His wife was living and well; and she had breasts for her baby; that was sufficient.

Harold could have mastered him and got away, for he was a big fellow, but he was weak from hunger.

The keeper tied his hands, and marched him away to the castle.

And this was all the wife's farewell; and the parting was perhaps forever.

The castle was a grand pile of stone arches, and gateways, and towers, and columned halls, and sumptuous chambers with sculptured shields and bannered roofs, where at times kings and princes had feasted, and where this Christmas-eve the owner of it all, his priests, stewards, and serving-men, banqueting in honor of the birth of Jesus.

Life here was always at its best; enough and to spare there was always alike for duke and servitor and dog.

To-night abundance became lavish, and the young duke, gay and brilliant in his court dress of shining satin and sparkling jewels and gold, sat at the head of a board where silver dishes steamed with boars' heads and sirloins of beef and haunches of venison, and a hundred tankards foamed with the castle's best-brewed ale.

It was the Christmas to-morrow, and holy day, so the young master must be asked if it was his grace's good pleasure the prisoner should be tried now or appear for justice the day after to-morrow; for the young duke was religious, they knew, and kept a priest, and faithfully attended to his "holy" days.

So of course he would not try Harold to-morrow.

And he was the justice. When would he punish the man?

The young duke settled the question by at once leaving the table, and ordering the "state-room" to make ready. He rather liked Justice.

The duke was twelve years old.

He was not small of body for his age, but he was small, very small of heart; just such a boy as would have been hated by boys at school; ignoble, a peevish stickler for his rights; a server-of-people-out, and that sort of thing.

All selfishness was in him: all smallness, and, unluckily for his neighbors, all power.

There is a grandeur in some dukes; there was none in this.

He took his justice's seat.

His mother left the banquet and came and sat by his side; the priest, too, bore him company.

A priest should be there to teach the mercy in which God delights, and a mother should move to gentleness; but they were both there to honor the little duke, that was all, and sanction his whims.

They might have seen some of God in that father's pity for his children, perhaps only a little, but some: and they might have been troubled to send them to prison. But their religion did not consist in reverent worship of God in all that is like Him.

It consisted of ceremonies in a special building, which took a few hours out of their week.

That is how the Jews did when they sent the Son of God to prison, and said, "According to our law he ought to die."

There was not much in poor Harold like Jesus, but his pity for the hungry.

But there was much in the priest and the duke and the duchess like Caiaphas and Pontius Pilate.

So they could not see that little. Only the pure in heart can see God and the little bits of men that are like Him.

Harold knelt on the floor, the deer was by his side; he could feel it there.

He saw nothing, not even the duke in his splendid coronet and doublets of velvet and gold, fresh from his Christmas festival.

But he knew his fate; he knew it very well.

It was the cold dungeon and slow dying.

Had the little, handsome, well-fed duke, who had never known one moment's want in his life, said, "Where you hungry, my man? Was it your children you took it for? Had you nothing to eat? I forgive you. Take the deer home; it shall be your Christmas-box. I'll send your wife and baby a few comforts; we have plenty." Harold would have fallen down at his feet and kissed them, and his children and wife would for ever have kissed the very ground where his dainty little feet had trod.

And in all that gladness and gratitude he would have seen God's one way of thanking those who feed the hungry, for the hungry belong to God, for the blessing of the starving are very dear to God.

It is the precious spikenard with which He anoints his most beloved and honored ones.

But the poor, famine-stricken, shrunken man was the duke's "prisoner," that was all.

He forgot that he was also a husband, a father, a laborer without work, a man without food; a cluster of God-given feelings, with pale, hollow faces at home, crying out for food with pleadings which God had taught, to an ear which God had opened.

His distress was God's doing, poor fellow.

The little duke saw the unkempt hair and filthy linen of a dirty, ignorant clod, who was his prisoner, and he sent him to prison.

When Harold heard that young voice utter the words, "To prison," a strong shiver shook him, and a deep groan. And he staggered away with his keeper to the prison.

Prison then meant all terrible and horrible things, damp, gloom, hunger, famine, darkness, fever, death, torment, madness. The little duke knew this, knew it very well, yet he lightly spoke it with those little lips of his,—"Prison!"

And the laborer, the bread-winner, the husband, the father, and the man had to go to it—all!

The duke and his titled mother and the priest went back to their smilings and feasting at the merry Christmas board, and poor Harold went to his living tomb.

That night the boy went to his bed when it was his time to sleep, and slept soundly, without a dream; that is what the Bible calls to be dead in our sins.

He had bravely celebrated the birth of Jesus, none more bravely, so he thought.

There comes a time, however, when all blind eyes shall be open.

They shall see not the customs of their day, the standards of men.

They shall see Christ, and see how their way, which hurt man, woman, or child, hurt Him also, and be sorry.

They shall look on Him they have pierced and mourn.

Those who have done wrong will look and beg to be forgiven.

Those who have had the wrong done to them will look and learn to forgive, and love to do it.

Then we shall all forget ourselves, whether our sins or our sufferings, and only remember Christ and His beautiful love, vast as the world, eternal as God; and all will love as all are loved.

That is Heaven. To that on earth, that is Christmas, that is Paradise below.

How old will Christmas be when that good time comes around?

Christmas was just fifteen hundred years old then, when Harold Tyler went to prison.

It is nineteen hundred years old now, and the world has learnt Christmas better. Its spirit is the brightening spirit of life.

It is the opening of prison doors, not the shutting of them; forgiving wrong, not punishing it; feeding the hungry, blessing an enemy, wiping tears away.

It is a blessed day; but only those who have the mind which was in Christ Jesus understand how blessed.

That mind is the bliss of God.

Harold's baby was soon laid to its last rest under the snow in the priest's churchyard.

The world did not behave kindly, so God took it.

One of his boys quickly followed, and Harold himself was not many weeks behind them. The rest went home.

God took them all. "They hunger no more, neither are any sick," and are where all the world will one day see and understand that—

"Kind hearts are more than coronets."

for they will see God and know Him. There is one sort of heart, and one only, Jesus says, to which Heaven's gates are not opened, and to such they are close fastened.

"If ye forgive men not their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses."

The little duke must be converted.

WAYS OF LIVING.

THE advantage sought by the blackmailer is not always pecuniary.

There is one very successful blackmailer who boasts that he never takes a dollar, and he does not.

He demands local political offices, and he has been, until lately, in the habit of getting them.

There is not so much of this political blackmailing now as there used to be, but, in the old days of "the Ring," it was carried to the height of a fine art, and some of the best offices were occupied either by blackmailers or their representatives, who mounted into power on their trade in disreputable political secrets.

There are other varieties of blackmailers who did not directly extort money.

There is a "man about town" who is welcome or at least received, by several families moving in in the best society, and who passes for a "society man" simply and solely on the strength of the secrets he possesses concerning this very "best society."

He has made himself acquainted with the precise character of various family skeletons which are kept in the dark closets of "fashionable" families, and the unfortunate owners of these closet skeletons are only too glad to purchase his silence, by extending to him the social courtesies due only to "a gentleman."

This social blackmailing is much more prevalent than would be imagined a priori. Not every one knows how much of this bad element there is in society.

Not long ago, a man without wealth, without education, without family connections, and without character, became to the astonishment of everybody, allied by marriage with one of our best families. The affair created some natural gossip, at the time, and yet nothing was more simple. This man, with everything else, was, also, without scruples of conscience, and having detected his would-be-father-in-law (who bore an almost immaculate reputation, and whose success in life depended upon this very reputation), in the twin vices of gambling and immorality, he used his discovery, without mercy, demanded from the tortured parent permission to "pay his addresses" to his daughter, and when these odious addresses were repelled by the young lady herself, he forced the father into compliance. The latter then insisted upon his daughter's compliance, and a loathsome union was the result of youth, beauty and virtue, with age and inglorious vice.

Many of this class of blackmailers, those society pests, are women, and a case is now tolerably well known in social circles, which demonstrates, how these women "work."

A prominent and wealthy widow of this city is accompanied to balls, parties and resorts, to Saratoga and to Europe, by a young lady of tolerable personal attractions and accomplishments, to whom the widow seems devotedly attached, and to whose pleasure, happiness and success she is never wearied of contributing.

One would think while witnessing the pair that they are near relatives, but they are not; or perhaps the dearest of friends; they are not.

The only tie between them is that of blackmail on the part of the younger woman.

She found out a secret involving the wealthy widow's reputation, and has traded on the discovery in her own peculiar way. It is a safe way, for it violates no law. The lady makes no threats. She asks for no particular sum of money. She only trusts to the widow's dread of social opinion, and she only demands merely social and personal recognition—a boon which includes, in her case, all others.

Occasionally, though rare, there are instances of what, for lack of a better title, may be called business blackmailing. In cases of this kind advantage is taken by one party of certain secrets to force trade or business dealings with the other party.

NO EYES.—The indifferent, unobserving husband is a sore trial to his wife. During his absence throughout the livelong day the wife has been busy, mind and hands, preparing some little surprise, some unexpected pleasure, to make his home more attractive than ever. He enters, seemingly sees not what was done to please him more than if he were a blind man, and has nothing more to say about it than if he were dumb. Many a loving wife has borne in her heart an abiding sorrow, day after day from causes like this, until, in process of time, the fire and enthusiasm of her original nature has burnt out, and indifference spreads over the household.

M. S.

WHEN you fall down and bump your head seriously just laugh long and heartily. This will take the wind out of the sails of the bystanders and make them mad.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42 Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If en route to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transfered from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegant furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

OH, CRUEL FATE!

BY G. M.

Oh, weary feet that on Life's stony ways
Must tread in separate paths; while Time's dark wings
Beat out the lagging hours of all the day,
Marking the epochs of their wandering!
Oh, lonely road! Oh tired, pacing feet
That may not meet!

Oh, longing hands that may not, must not, clasp
Those other loved ones this world's wide night;
Oh, parted hands that may not, must not, grasp
Those other hands with yearnings infinite!
Oh, starving lips, whose hunger is but this—
They may not kiss

Oh, aching eyes that shine so far apart,
Love haunted eyes that may not, must not, tell
The secret of the passion-laden heart,
The whispered secret that they know so well!
Oh, hopeless love, that hope of death survives
In such cleft lives!

Oh, souls that never while the world rolls on
Shall mingle in a speechless ecstasy!
Oh, love that lives on hopes long dead and gone—
Bound love that strives so valuly to be free!
Oh, joy of life that cometh all too late!
Oh, cruel fate!

DOCTOR AND PATIENT.

THE following colloquy took place between Dr. Abernethly and a patient:

Having entered the room, the patient "opened the proceedings."

"I wish you to ascertain what is the matter with my eye, sir. It is very painful, and I am afraid there is some great mischief going on."

"Which I can't see," said Abernethly, placing the patient before the window, and looking closely at the eye.

"But——" interposed our friend.

"Which I can't see," again said the doctor.

"Perhaps not, sir; but——"

"Now don't bother," ejaculated the other: "sit down and I'll tell you all about it."

The patient sat down accordingly, while Abernethly, standing with his back against the table, thus began:

"I take it for granted that, in consulting me, you wish to know what I should do for myself were I in a predicament similar to yourself.

"Now, I have no reason to suppose that you are in any particular predicament; and the terrible mischief which you apprehend depends, I take it, altogether upon the stomach.

"Mind, at present, I have no reason to believe that there is anything else the matter with you."

Here the patient was about to disclose sundry dreadful maladies with which he believed himself afflicted, but he was interrupted with, "Diddledum, diddledum, diddledum dee!" uttered in the same smooth tone as the previous part of the address—and he was silent.

"Now, your stomach being out of order, it is my duty to explain to you how to put it to rights again; and, in my whimsical way, I shall give you an illustration of my position; for I like to tell people something they will remember.

"The kitchen, that is, your stomach, being out of order, the garret (pointing to the head) cannot be right, and then every room in the house becomes affected.

"Repair the injury in the kitchen—remedy the evil there—(now don't bother), and all will be right. This you must do by diet. If you put improper food into your stomach, you play the very mischief with it, and with the whole machine besides. Vegetable matter ferments, and becomes gaseous; while animal substances are changed into a putrid, abominable, and acid stimulus.

"(Don't bother again!) You are going to ask, 'What has all this to do with my eye?' I will tell you. Anatomy teaches us that the skin is a continuation of the membrane which lines the stomach; and your own observation will inform you that the delicate linings of the mouth, throat, nose and eyes, are nothing more.

"Now, some people acquire preposterous noses, others blotches on the face and different parts of the body, others inflammation of the eyes—all arising from irritation of the stomach.

"People laugh at me for talking so much about the stomach. I sometimes tell this story to forty different people in one morning, and some won't listen to me; so we quarrel, and they go and abuse me all over the town.

"I can't help it; they come to me for my advice, and I give it to them, if they will take it. I can't do any more.

"Well, sir, as to the question of diet, I must refer you to my book."

Here the doctor smiled, and continued smiling as he proceeded:

"There are only about a dozen pages, and you will find, beginning at page 73, all that you want to know. I am christened 'Doctor, My Book,' and satirized under the name; but who would sit and listen to a long lecture of twelve pages, or remember one-half of it when it was done? So I have reduced my directions to writing, and there they are for anybody to follow, if they please.

"Having settled the question of diet, we now come to medicine. It is, or ought to be, the province of a medical man to soothe and assist Nature—not to force her.

"Now, the only medicine I should advise you to take is a dose of a slight aperient medicine every morning the first thing. I won't stipulate for the dose, as that must be regulated by circumstances, but you must take some; for, without it, your stomach will never be right

"People go to Saratoga, and other places, to drink the waters, and they return full of admiration for their surpassing efficacy. Now, these waters contain next to nothing of purgative medicine; but they are taken readily, regularly, and in such quantities as to produce the desired effect.

"You must persevere in this plan, sir, until you experience relief, which you certainly will do. I am often asked:

"'Well, but, Mr. Abernethly, why don't you practice what you preach?'

"I answer, by reminding the inquirer of the parson and the sign-post; both point the way, but neither follow its course."

And thus ended a colloquy, wherein is mingled much good sense, useful advice, and whimsicality.

Grains of Gold.

The agitation of thought is the beginning of truth.

A day to come shows longer than a year that's gone.

A horse is neither better nor worse for his trappings.

Always leave home with loving words, for they may be the last.

Associate with the wise, and their knowledge will cling by thy skirts.

A large mass of error is easily embalmed and perpetuated by a little truth.

It is so natural for a man to pray, that no theory can prevent him from doing it.

It doesn't follow that you must do a mean thing to a man who has done a mean thing to you.

There cannot be a greater rudeness than to interrupt another in the current of his discourse.

When misrepresented, use no crooked means to clear yourself. Clouds do not last a great while.

A proud man demands of himself extraordinary ability; an arrogant man ascribes it to himself.

In giving, a man receives more than he gives, and the more in proportion to the worth of the thing given.

A bitter word may make a wound that will never heal. A kind word may win a friend that will never turn.

Blessed be he who gives to the poor, although only a penny; doubly blessed is he who adds kind words to his gift.

The fruit of liberal education is not learning, but the capacity and desire to learn; not knowledge, but power.

If you wish to insure your future success, your days must be spent in industry, your evenings in steady ways.

He who emigrates to a cave of the mountain to escape from sin, finds the devil a naturalized citizen there already.

Since the well known victory over the hare by the tortoise, the descendants of the tortoise think themselves miracles of speed.

Happiness, it has been well observed, is in the proportion of the number of things we love, and the number of things that love us.

Every man needs a true inward manhood. All the elements that are in us are insignificant except as they stand related to that.

Many of the blessings universally desired are frequently wanted, because most men, when they should labor, content themselves to complain.

The wants of man generally increase with the supply, always keeping far in advance of it. Hence, happiness is like Will-o-the-wisp—always ahead of us.

Spend your time in nothing which you know must be repented of. Spend it in nothing which you cannot review with a quiet conscience on your death-bed.

The best are accused of exclusiveness. It would be more to say, they separate as oil from water, as children from old people, without love or hatred in the matter, each seeking his like.

Femininities.

When a young lady gives herself away, she naturally loses her self-possession.

Miss Elizabeth Peabody, now in her 80th year, was the first to introduce the kindergarten system in this country.

Women will never be as well paid for lecturing as men, simply because they have done so much of it for nothing.

In Montana the law prohibits a woman from marrying until she is 15 years old, and a man cannot marry until he is 21.

In France there are 2,150 lady artists, of whom 802 are oil painters, 197 sculptors, 193 miniature painters, and 734 painters on porcelain.

A leading Massachusetts judge says brutality to mothers is more common than wife beating. It's ma's precious boy who plays the deuce.

An English writer speaking of the dowdiness in the dress of American married women, calls them "stupes females." The monster! Just think of it!

First lady: "Mrs. Dash hasn't the slightest consideration." Second lady: "Why?" First lady: "Because she's always in when anybody calls."

Female conductors are employed now on the Valparaiso, Chili, street-cars. In Santiago female conductors are stated to have been a success for some time past.

"Do you want the ring 14 or 18 karat?" said the jeweler to the customer. "Just as you like. This is the third woman I've married, and I ain't very particular."

It is said that in the best circles of English society, flowers constitute the only gifts allowable in the cotillion, and that costly favors are denounced as vulgar show.

A young married woman says that no matter who a girl marries, she will find out that she has for a husband quite a different person, and she thinks it's horrid!

Among the *mots* at a recent reception in Boston, was the question as to which Roman General was the favorite among the Vassar girls. The answer was: General Marius.

A "Society for the Snubbing of Married Men who attend Dancing Parties and leave their Wives at Home," is the latest notion among the young ladies in Boston. And hundreds are joining it.

It is sad to contemplate the expression that settles half an inch deep over a man's face when he finds that his wife has been using his best and sharpest razor to whittle kindling and slice cold ham with.

The strongest female character in Shakespeare's plays is Cordelia, the daughter of King Lear; and her great popularity lies in her silence. No one ever understood human nature better than Shakespeare.

"Does your wife take much exercise?" asked Penderson of Fogg, whose family is at the seaside! "Exercise!" exclaimed Fogg; "Well, I should say so. She changes her dress six times every day!"

That was a touching incident of the school-girl who refused to define the word clown as "a low, vulgar fellow," and for her stubbornness was punished. Her father proved to be a clown in a circus.

Men need wives who are in love with them. Simple tolerance is not enough to stand the strain of married life; and to marry where you cannot freely love is to commit an act of dishonesty and injustice.

"Pink dinners" have now taken the place of "blue teas" in New York's fashionable circles. Everything in the room is pink, and the favors include a horn of plenty to which dainty pink streamers are attached.

This was the advice given by a sensible mother to her daughters: "Mamma," asked the daughters, "can we have anything we want?" "Yes, my dears; but be careful and don't want anything you can't have."

"No, I don't object to the smell of a cigar," said a widow to her lover. "It reminds me of dear John, who declared that although he didn't like the taste of tobacco, he had to smoke to keep the moths out of his mouth."

A really nice and true-hearted girl never tells any one but her mother when she rejects an offer of marriage. She ruthlessly sacrifices the pleasure of "talking him over" with her chums. It costs a great deal of self-denial to be nice.

Says a paper, speaking of the education of women: "Part of the drill of every school ought be the reception, by a wife in an old dress, at a dinner of boiled beef and carrots, of an unlooked-for guest, thoughtlessly brought home by a reckless husband."

A young lady in this city very much wished a diamond ring. As her finances would not admit of the outlay, she made a demand upon her friends, levying a tax of $1 upon each person. In a short time the glittering prize was in her possession, and she is now happy.

A small piece of resin dipped in the water which is placed in a vessel on a stove, says one who knows, will add a peculiar property to the atmosphere of the room, which will give great relief to persons troubled with a cough. The heat of the water is sufficient to throw off the aroma of the resin.

Civil marriage in South Africa is not a lengthy rite. The *Colonist* mentions that a happy pair entered the Queen's town house; the bridegroom paid $25, signed a document, took his spouse by the arm, and walked her out of the building, saying: "How do you do, Mrs. ——?" The ceremony lasted two minutes.

A schoolmaster in the school at Lochgoilhead, in the Highlands, has invented a new way of punishing unruly children. He has, it appears, kept a small bottle of castor-oil on the mantlepiece of his school, with which he occasionally anointed the faces of unsatisfactory pupils, and sometimes poured it down their throats.

News Notes.

New York contains 12,000 Italians.

There are 228 submarine telegraph cables now at work.

Over 3,000,000 trees were planted in Great Britain in 1882.

The newest waltz is fast, furious, and, of course, fatiguing.

Robins with mushrooms is the latest dish in Florida hotels.

Meerschaum has been discovered in parts of North Carolina.

An Ohio physician is preparing a medical lexicon in 42 languages.

800,000 bushels of wheat are used every day in the United States.

The bay leaf was formerly supposed to protect the wearer from thunder.

It is estimated that only two in every one hundred Berliners are church-goers.

A colored baby show, containing 103 infants, is now in progress in Chicago.

The Western New York Farmers' Club thinks eggs should be sold by weight.

The street cleaning brigade of Paris numbers 13,000 men, women and children.

The word noddy was applied to a fool because he nods when he should speak.

A perfectly white peacock, the only one in this country, is on exhibition in Boston.

Mrs. Cunio, an Italian woman of Boston, has a babe which at birth weighed 20 1-2 pounds.

Queen Victoria saves annually from her Parliamentary allowance, five hundred thousand dollars.

The newest thing in incubators is one that hatches out the little chicks by the aid of electricity.

The Spanish army averages one officer below the grade of brigadier-general to every five privates.

One Hungarian out of 200 in Bethlehem has paid his tax. The tax-collector feels greatly encouraged.

In the Tombs, on St. Patrick's Day, a rat was killed that was over two feet long and weighed eleven pounds.

Four million three hundred and forty thousand boxes of sardines were packed in Lubec, Me., last year.

Buckhorn, Texas, claims to have a ten-year-old girl that weighs 163 pounds, and gains a pound every four days.

A Mrs. Kenney, of Rochester, N.Y., who will be 75 years old next month, walked to church, one mile, and home again, recently.

Two patient cribbage players in Boston have played 22,000 games, and at last accounts one was only one game ahead of the other.

There were in England in 1883 paupers numbering 1,068,236 in a population of 25,742,000, or one pauper to every 25 of the population.

The editor of a comic journal in Madrid has been sentenced to eight months' imprisonment for publishing a caricature of King Alfonso.

The Postoffice Department uses every year $60,000 worth of wrapping-twine and $21,000 worth of ink for stamping and canceling letters.

The inventor of a system of electric lighting announces that he is about to use the water-power of Niagara Falls to furnish light to sixty-five cities.

California temperance people have begun a crusade against grape culture, it is reported, on the ground that grape-growing tends to increase drunkenness.

It requires three days in which to complete the marriage ceremony in China; but when it is done, it is a strong job. Nothing short of death can break it.

Four of the seven persons who assisted in eating a fat pig, raw, at Loyalhanna, this State, are now dead. The others will probably die, eaten alive by trichina.

The hill-sides north and west of Marshfield, Or., were recently strewn with dead robins that perished in the cold and snow-stormy weather of a few weeks ago.

Mr. Harry McDonald, of Providence, R. I., claims to have the smallest bull terrier in America. It only weighs three and one-quarter pounds, and is two years old.

The fishermen of the Frith of Forth, on the East coast of Scotland, believe that it is unlucky to make the first sale for the day to a broad-thumbed person.

It is possible that Russia will have to give up the Christmas tree, for the government finds that the destruction of fir trees is coming to be a serious matter for the forests.

An indignation meeting of women was held in New York, recently, to protest against the lards of creation possessing themselves of the rear platform of street-cars.

President Arthur has never played a game of cards in the White House. Before he assumed office, it is said, he was very fond of poker, but since then he has never played it.

Ingersoll has amended his creed, and now says that death is not a dreamless sleep, but there is Hope standing on the other side of the dark river with "sealed instructions."

A novel feature in the dining-room of a hotel at Niagara Falls is a colossal mirror in which the Falls are reflected in such a manner that the guests may admire while they eat.

A. J. Weatherby was married at Weiser, Idaho, the other day, to Mrs. A. J. Weatherby, his former wife, from whom he had been divorced for 20 years. They had a son and two daughters by their former union.

The Young Actress.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

I PARTICULARLY desire Kate, that this may be the last experiment of the kind that you will try."

George Garmond spoke gravely, with a deep line between his brows, and his lips formed into a cold, stern line. Kate Brewster tossed her pretty head.

"There's no occasion for your being so cross about it, George," said she. "It's only a frolic."

"A pretty frolic, to walk deliberately into a roomful of men, in the disguise of an orange-girl, selling oranges!"

"Well, what then? Weren't my oranges good?"

"Kate, do you want to drive me frantic?" expostulated the aggrieved lover.

"Well, go on with your lecture."

"Answer me—do you think it was a lady-like or a dignified thing to do?"

"N—not exactly," faltered poor Kate, while Mr. Germond gloomed down upon her like an avenging genius.

"I wish it to be distinctly understood," he went on, "that if our engagement is to proceed—if, I repeat—you are to pledge me your solemn word of honor never again to let yourself be drawn into any of this absurd masquerading."

Kate's color deepened, and her eyes flashed ominously.

"I do not choose to bind myself by any promise, George Germond," said she. "It was only a freak of mine to pass myself off on you and my cousins, and Henry St. John as an orange-vendor. Yet none of you would ever have suspected my identity, if I had not told you afterwards."

"You will not promise Kate?"

"No, I will not promise. If you cannot trust me without——"

"Exactly," hotly interrupted Germond; "I cannot trust you. You have spoken well."

"Then we had better part."

"Now, Kate, don't be unreasonable. You know that I love you—you know that I have only your best interests at heart. This mania for acting will surely, sooner or later bring you to grief.

"Promise me, darling, that you will give it up—promise me to abandon all idea of taking part in Mrs. Sinclare's theatricals next month."

"Never!" was Kate's spirited reply.

"Very well," said Germond deeply offended, "then you know the consequences."

"That is just as you please."

And she curtesied him imperially out of the room.

"So let it be!" she cried, dashing the briny drops out of her eyes.

"I will not cramp the royal gifts God has given me to suit the narrow ideas of any man alive.

"I feel that I can merge myself entirely in the identities of the creatures of other geniuses, and I am determined, sooner or later, to go to the stage. I fancied I loved him, but I could never thoroughly respect a man whose soul ran in such despicably narrow grooves!"

People shook their heads when Kate Brewster resigned her situation in a very flourishing academy for young ladies, and accepted a fourth-rate opportunity to go on the stage, during the engagement of a star actress.

"I have only to walk on and off, and say four or five words, mamma," pleaded Kate, "and I have such a good chance to study Mrs. Legrange."

"But, my love, this can only end in disappointment, and distaste for ordinary occupations."

"You'll see, mamma," said Kate, very brightly.

"If you had been a sensible girl, and married young Germond——"

"I should have felt like a caged bird all my days! Only wait, mamma—only wait and see!"

Mrs. Legrange, the beautiful actress, had the rare perceptions belonging to her sex.

Among all the "subs," she saw and noticed the dark-eyed girl with the square brow and the red lips.

"That girl has the making of an artist in her," said she; "bring her to me."

And the upshot of the matter was, that when Mrs. Legrange went away, Kate Brewster and her mother went, too.

Years afterwards, the denizens of her native city never knew that Katherine Bruce, the brilliant young tragedienne, who was nightly playing to such full houses, was the Kate Brewster who had once been in their midst.

* * * * * *

"George Germond sick and in trouble! I used to know George Germond."

Miss Bruce spoke impetuously.

A circle of literary and dramatic connoisseurs were sitting in her elegant private parlor at the C—— hotel.

Mrs. Brewster, in black satin and Valenciennes lace, presided at the tea-urn, and looked with admiring eyes at the royally-beautiful woman into which her young daughter had blossomed during the last ten years.

Kate herself, in a deep blue silk, with draperies of black lace, and a diamond cross sparkling at her throat, stood by the marble mantle, in an attitude unconsciously graceful.

"He's managed his business affairs poorly," said Mrs. Rosser. "Everything has gone wrong, and his wife, a poor little helpless thing, with no merit on earth but a pretty face, has helped to drag him down. They say he is nearly wild, threatens to commit suicide, and all that sort of thing."

"Oh, he mustn't do that," said Kate. "I'll go to see him."

"You, dearest!" remonstrated her mother.

"Yes, mamma: why shouldn't I? Old friends ought to be the first to help one another, and I've long ago given up those silly scruples which draw so impassable a barrier between a girl and her old lover. I'll go to-morrow."

* * * * *

"A lady to see me! I don't want to see anyone. Tell her so."

George Germond spoke hoarsely, and in the same instant he pushed a loaded revolver under the folds of the table-cover.

But the visitor followed too closely on the footsteps of the scared little servant maid to admit of the message of denial being delivered.

She was tall, and regal in her mien, but a close black veil concealed her face as she walked directly to the table, and taking up the insufficiently-hidden pistol, flung it out of the window into a cluster of leafless bushes in the yard.

"It is only a coward, George Germond," said she, "who would run away from the troubles of this world, rather than face and conquer them."

"Kate Brewster!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said she, laughing. "Kate Brewster, or rather, Katherine Bruce, as they call me now."

"Are you then, Katherine Bruce, the successful actress, the queen of the the modern stage? Oh, Kate, I never dreamed of this."

"But I didn't come here to talk about myself," she said, independently. "It is you that I am interested in. Are you really ruined?"

"Yes."

He set his teeth gloomily.

"Past help—past recall!"

"Will a loan of a thousand pounds help you to regain your lost position?"

"Where am I to get a thousand pounds?"

"I will lend them to you. I have it to spare. I was going to take my lawyer's advice and invest it, but I'm not particular as to its destination. You can have it to-morrow. Now let's see the wife and babies. Don't thank me—thanks are a nuisance. I shall expect fair interest and good security."

Mrs. Germond, a little pallid, fair-haired creature, in the last stages of consumption, lay on a sofa.

She looked up anxiously as Kate swept in.

"If you are another of my husband's creditors——" she began, in a trembling voice.

"I am not, but I'm going to be," said Kate. "May I kiss you, my dear? I am a very old friend of your husband's."

So the young actress brought comfort and blessing to the home of poor George Germond.

She never told his wife of the pistol, nor did Germond himself ever afterwards allude to it.

Mrs. Germond died in the spring—the burial roses were glowing on her cheeks when Kate saw her.

And according to the rule and plummet of romance, the old lovers ought to have got married when a decent period of mourning had expired.

But they didn't.

Mr. Germond would have been more than pleased with such an arrangement, but Miss Brewster calmly shook her head.

"No," said she; "I shall never marry—or if ever, not for years to come. My profession takes all my thoughts and time."

George Germond said nothing, but he thought of how magnificently Kate's life had blossomed and rounded itself out—of how wretched a failure his own had been.

And it was in no wise a consolatory reflection that it had been his own fault.

Perhaps, after all, it was as well that George Germond and Kate Brewster never were married.

A man does not like to feel that his wife is superior to him; neither is it altogether a pleasant position for a woman to occupy.

Fate often arranges things better than we can do.

AN ACTOR'S TRICK.—When Nadir Shah, the usurper of the Persian throne lay before Delhi with a powerful army, the besieged endured all the miseries that a want of food entails. Within the walls famine began to rage every day more fiercely, but the Shah was deaf to the miseries of mankind. The public spirit of Tucki, a famous actor, deserves to be recorded on this occasion. Touched with compassion for the sufferers, he exhibited a play before Nadir Shah, which so delighted the monarch that he commanded the actor to ask for what he most desired. Upon hearing the sultan's words, Tucki immediately fell upon his face and said—"Oh, king, command the gates to be opened, that the poor may not perish!" His request was granted, and half the city poured into the country, and the place was supplied in a few days with plenty of provisions.

THE WAY THEN.—In olden times the method of executing criminals in Holland was to confine them solely to the use of bread in which no salt was contained, and which ultimately occasioned death by engendering a fatal form of disease.

By using Buckingham's Dye, the whiskers may be easily made a permanent natural brown, or black, as desired.

THE SOREST GRIEF.

The scalding tears shed o'er the pug dog dead,
The wistful gaze for pet canary fled,
The heartless blast that nips rejected love,
The warm salute of Sullivan's hard glove;
The sudden chill, and heart's unusual twirl,
When she beholds him with another girl;
The longing stare whene'er new sealskin sacque
Is seen upon a hated rival's back;
The sullen gloom that veils the maiden's glee,
To learn another is more fair than she;
The nameless grief to know the old man's dead,
And nothing left the second wife he wed;
The withering frown by haughty woman cast,
When told she's reached the old maid's stage at last;
The harrowing thoughts that seize the gaudy swell,
When by banana-peel he squats pell-mell;
The politician's woe, and gruesome note,
When struck amidships by a cyclone vote.

Than these who is there keener grief can know—
Whose tears more bitter, more exhaustless, flow?
The hapless boy in circus time—no woe
Can equal his when fate forbids him go.

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

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The girl of the period—Poly Tics.

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New Publications.

"The Wife of Monte-Christo" just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city, is a remarkable novel that will surely attain immense popularity, and that immediately, for never has a romance of greater interest or power been published. It teems with excitement and adventure, absolutely bristles with thrilling incidents, and has an element of mystery that vastly augments its wonderful fascination. It is a continuation of Alexander Dumas' world-renowned creation, "The Count of Monte-Christo," and is fully worthy of being associated with that master-work. Price 75 cents.

"A Graveyard Flower" from the German of Wilhelmine von Hillern, bears many of the peculiar marks of the lighter class of genuine German novels. The title is taken from a name given to Marie the leading character. There is the usual routine of love and lovers, with a mixture of sweet and bitter, doubt and pain. The heroine finally kills herself and the lover is found frozen to death on her grave. There is a weirdness somewhat sepulchral hanging over the story from beginning to end, the first chapter opening with death, the last closing in it, and the majority of intervening scenes taking place in the cemetery. This however will only increase its charm for many, and these will find it good reading. Gottsberger, New York, Publisher. For sale by Porter & Coates.

Catarrh, a sore throat and cold in the head are among the most common of complaints and yet there are comparatively few persons who have any clear idea of their causes, the natural structure of the organs affected, methods of prevention or ways of cure. Such persons, however, will find these matters fully explained in a little book on "Catarrh, Sore Throat and Hoarseness," by J. M. W. Kitchen, M.D.," an eminent physician of New York. The information is given in plain language, with the directness of one who knows what he is talking about, and the numerous illustrations help to make the subject clear. The physician will not alone find it valuable, but the lay reader or sufferer more particularly. G. R. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York.

MAGAZINES.

Lovers of flowers and the garden should mark the coming of Spring by taking that excellent floral monthly *Vick's Magazine*. The April number overflows with valuable hints to all interested in flowers. James Vick, Rochester New York. $1,25 per year.

Among the contents of *The American Quarterly Journal of The Medical Sciences* for April, 1884, are the following original communications of memoirs and cases; Arterio-venous Aneurism of the Common Carotid Artery and Internal Jugular Vein, with a Case; On Affections of the Eye-muscles in Disease of the Brain and Spinal Cord; A Case of Erysipelas Complicating Pregnancy; Irritation of the Sexual Apparatus as an Etiological Factor in the Production of Nasal Disease; Cortical Lesions of the Brain. A Collection and Analysis of the American Cases of Localized Cerebral Disease; Scarlatina Puerperalis; A Case of Œsophagotomy, with Remarks; Lupus and its Relation to Tuberculosis; Three Cases of Metastatic Irido-Choroiditis of one Eye only; Case of Poisoning from the Bite of a Copperhead; Myeloid Tumour with Complete Absorption of the Shaft of the Humerus, following Double Fracture; The Time required by the Blood for making one complete Circuit of the Body; The Diagnosis of Typhus Fever, etc., etc. There are a number of other important cases, series, etc. It is a book all physicians should have. Published by H. C. Lea's Sons & Co., Phila. Pa. Price $5,00 per year.

GROUNDWORK FOR A NOVEL.—The following romantic story is related in correspondence published in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. In the audience at Uhrig's Cave the other night a couple were pointed out to me who have a very singular history, if all the world says about them is true. They are married, and, as far as the human eye can discern in the gaslight on a fair summer night, seem to be happy. The lady, though, has silver hair, and appears to be over fifty. She is a stately, matronly female, and her dress of complete black adds to the majesty of her appearance. Her husband does not look to be over thirty, is a handsome man of the brunette type, and dresses like a broker or bank cashier. He is not in business here, however. The remarkable phase of the story is that about twenty-one years ago a gentleman of exceeding wealth died in Cincinnati, leaving all his fortune to a young woman whom he had adopted and educated, and who at the time of his death was with her sister in Paris, where she had spent most of her years. The news was sent to the French capital, and the cable message falling into the hands of the older sister, she withheld it from the young one. Gathering up all the valuables, and taking all the money the two possessed, the older sister fled to this country, and presenting herself to the Court under the other sister's name, succeeded in establishing her identity and was awarded the fortune. Nothing was ever heard of the sister in Paris by letter or in any other way, and this woman has since held undisputed title to the property. Her husband was the son of her gardener, to whom she took a strange but last fancy. They live in Cincinnati, but are now here at one of the hotels.

A "Public" Trust.—Giving a "drink" on credit.

Facetiæ.

A large snow-drop—An avalanche.

Played out—The midnight serenade.

Remember the poor. It costs nothing.

The religious press—Hugging a Sunday-school teacher.

The downward path—The one with the orange-peel on it.

The man who "found his level," was a carpenter, of course.

Why is the letter "I" never too late? Because it is always in time.

Iron is decidedly the most ironical of metals, for it is often a railing.

"This is a suggestion of Spring," said the rat, as the trap closed upon him.

What word is that composed of five letters, from which if you take two, only one remains? Stone.

When the President pardons a convict, what grammatical rule does he illustrate? He puts a period to a sentence.

Doctors say that people would be healthier if they ate more onions. Undoubtedly they would. It would keep them from going out nights.

An old seer predicted that an awful calamity was about to overtake an Indiana town, and the next day a man with a family of thirteen boys and four dogs moved in among them.

☞ **When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the "Saturday Evening Post."**

A Safeguard.

The fatal rapidity with which slight **Colds** and **Coughs** frequently develop into the gravest maladies of the throat and lungs, is a consideration which should impel every prudent person to keep at hand, as a household remedy, a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

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Cherry Pectoral

Is not a new claimant for popular confidence, but a medicine which is to-day saving the lives of the third generation who have come into being since it was first offered to the public.

There is not a household in which this invaluable remedy has once been introduced where its use has ever been abandoned, and there is not a person who has ever given it a proper trial for any throat or lung disease susceptible of cure, who has not been made well by it.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has, in numberless instances, cured obstinate cases of chronic **Bronchitis, Laryngitis,** and even acute **Pneumonia,** and has saved many patients in the earlier stages of **Pulmonary Consumption.** It is a medicine that only requires to be taken in small doses, is pleasant to the taste, and is needed in every house where there are children, as there is nothing so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for treatment of **Croup** and **Whooping Cough.**

These are all plain facts, which can be verified by anybody, and should be remembered by everybody.

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FREE Silks for Patchwork. Any lady sending 14 2c. stamps for three months' subscription to the Home Guest, our popular Literary Magazine, we will present free! package beautiful assorted Silk Blocks for patchwork, 1 package Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, and a lovely Silk Handkerchief, size 20 x 20 inches. H. L. SPENCER CO., Hartford, Conn.

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One Hundred Choice Songs,

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Katey's Letter.
O Fred, tell them to Stop!
One Bumper at Parting.
Little Golden Sunbeam.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Oh, Lucinda.
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
My Heart's with my Norah.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
Meet me To-night.
Angel Faces o'er the River.
Yes, I'll Love You When You're Old.
Te'l de Children Good-bye.
Hardly Ever.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

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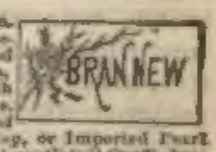
50 Elegant Imported Vesta Fringed Chromo and Embossed Cards, Bran New, with name in gilt type, 10c. 12 packs, and Gold (solid) Ring, or Imported Pearl Handled Knife, $1 00. Get up a club. Agent's full Outfit, large sample U. S., only 15 cts. PEARL CARD CO., Waltham, Mass.



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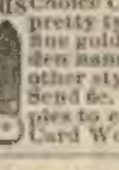

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50 Fancy Enameled **Golden** Rustic, Square and Fringed Frosted Edge, Floral, Motto, Bird Mottoes, Fan Script Motto, Bird Mottoes, Floral Motto, Floral Mottoes, Floral Mottoes, Floral Mottoes

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE season's novelties are now on view at all the leading stores; and so innumerable are the materials displayed that one is bewildered as to choice of color, while the eye is more than satisfied by the bright chaotic mass of all that is beautiful in design.

Woollens are prettier than ever; and silks, satins, and brocades richer, handsomer, and—more costly than before.

It seems certain that above all other shot silk, both plain and figured, will, *facile princeps*, be the favorite material for spring and summer wear.

For young ladies these changeable silks are made up of two varieties, the first plain, the second covered either with velvet dots of irregular size and shape, or striped with narrow lines of the darker color used.

They are remarkable for their brightness, and the mixtures are very decided, such as peacock-blue and old gold, moss-green and lavender-pink, sky-blue and coral, purple and porcelain-blue, brown and *bouton d'or*, &c.

The ever-varying reflect is charming in effect, heightened as it is by the small velvet spots showered on the surface of the silk, though the exceptionally gay coloring may be objected to by some who prefer a quieter and less obstrusive style.

For elderly people and married ladies there are shot silks with stripes of velvet, wide and narrow, or covered with a pattern of single flowers (treated conventionally and outlined by frise loops of silk) of a darker or distinct contrasting shade.

Skirts made of this material are round and plain, with gathered folds behind, the bodice and drapery of plain cashmere to match, both skirt and bodice being trimmed with pinked-out ruches of plain shot silk, the latter having, in addition, a fully gathered "Bernhardt" waistcoat of velvet-figured silk.

For evening wear trains and bodices of rich-hued velvet are fashionably worn over petticoats of satin veiled in tinted lace.

The lucky possessors of deep flounces of antique lace would have no prettier way of showing their treasures than as so arranged; or, failing these, the entire fronts of petticoats are covered with net exquisitely embroidered in silk and finished with a gathered flounce of similar work, which borders the skirt all round.

We saw a deep flounce of this embroidered net, arranged in lightly-gathered folds over a petticoat of salmon satin edged with a narrow flounce; the train and bodice were of bright sapphire velvet; the train, of medium length, with square-cut sides and end, was lined with salmon satin to a depth of one foot from the edge, and was bordered by a ruching of salmon-colored crape.

The bodice was cut square both back and front, with a Medici collar and long pointed stomacher of sapphire-blue beads; the epaulette sleeves, short on the top of the arm, were also of sapphire beads, and the bodice was ornamented at the left side with a large bouquet of salmon-colored roses and brown velvet leaves on a background of embroidered net.

Plush though temporarily discarded in favor of plain and terry velvet, for mixing with costumes of ottoman silk, cashmere, or fine serge cloth, is still much in vogue for evening wraps or for the more elaborate sorties de bal now so generally worn in place of the warmer and more thoroughly useful fur-lined cloak.

Dolmans of chestnut plush lined with bright gold satin are very popular, and can be worn with almost any toilette.

One of this color, braided with gold, was bordered with marabout and fringes of tassels of brown and gold silk.

On each shoulder were epaulette ornaments of brown and gold passamenterie, from the back of which hung heavy cords of silk, finished with tassels and caught together in a loose knot and fastened below the waist.

A "visite" cape of stamped beige velvet, the pattern outlined in gold, was particularly effective; the front had long square ends, the back was curved and cut up to the waist, from which sprang a large fan-shaped piece of plaited satin, bordered with five rows of narrow gold braid and fringed with marten tail.

The cape was trimmed with bands of fur, and lined throughout with satin of the faintest china-blue.

A loose jacket of crimson satin lined with quilted silk (bouquets of red roses on a pale pink ground) was trimmed with gathered red lace and hanging balls of beads.

The sleeves were long and open, and at the back was a red lace hood lined with flowered silk, and large enough to be used as a head covering should the wearer so desire.

Fancy braids of every description continue to be fashionable, and constitute the chief trimming of nearly all tailor-made gowns for house or outdoor wear.

None, however, are now complete without the short, round, and close-fitting jacket which invariably accompanies them.

These are all more or less elaborately treated with mixed or real metal braids, and are eminently attractive and smart looking, the fronts crossed in military style with festoons of braids, and the collars and cuffs so completely covered as to hide the material from view.

They are ornamenting the newest gowns with single patterns of braid work scattered over the bodice and the scarf drapery of the narraw-kilted skirt.

A walking dress of shot cashmere cloth of a decided blue-grey shade was prettily trimmed in this way with "diamonds" of blue and gold braid on the square-cut tablier and on the bodice and sleeves, cut en princesse with the drapery of the skirt, which fell as a cascade at the back, and was of plain cloth only.

The diamonds on the front of the bodice were arranged in regular gradations from the neck to the waist, divided by a row of bullion buttons.

The very short round jacket for outdoor wear was crossed in front with festooned cords of blue and gold to match.

A second gown was of light "faced" bronze-green cloth, the skirt being gathered and falling as a deep flounce over a narrow edging of kilted cloth.

A folded scarf surrounded the hips, the back was fully draped and bordered with many rows of stitching.

The jacket bodice had open fronts, showing a stitched waistcoat.

The walking jacket of this simple and pretty costume was profusely trimmed with the flat braid, the mixture of green and silver metal being uncommon and decidedly new.

Collars and cuffs of real gold and silver "uniform" embroidery are used by this firm on walking coats of cloth, with splendid effect; gold on slate-gray, claret, or dull "wood" brown, and silver on black, electric-blue, drab, or rich moss-green.

A gown of fine dress cloth of full smoke-blue had a plain bodice, pointed back and front and laced behind; the high collar was braided with grey and gold, and an elaborate "pine" pattern formed a graduated stomacher, narrowing to the point below the waist, where it was joined by a folded and festooned drapery arranged as a scarf, falling low on the back of the skirt composed entirely of close-set double plaits.

A skirt of light grey "coating," made in wide plaits, had the square-cut overdress prettily braided with black silk Russian braid.

With this was a jacket of steel-grey cloth, braided in Hungarian style, the buttons fastened with loops to match.

Some light-weighted cloths of the popular London smoke color and patterns of crescents and stars, peacock-blue and gold respectively, in well-raised loops of silk. They are effectively used for bodice and drapery with skirts of plain material, or for the front only of the gathered skirt, should the arrangement be reversed.

What shall we say of the indescribable richness and amazing variety of the terry velvets, broche, satins, with silks, both shot and figured, as now produced, not only by the busy looms of France, but of Germany and Switzerland to boot?

Words are wanting to portray their exceptional beauties, their tasteful coloring or super-excellent design.

These must be seen to be rightly understood.

Beige-colored satins of exquisite textures are strewn with little "blocks" of frisee silk, placed crosswise, two and two, upon them, either in different shades or both of the same color, including the newest tones of cockscomb-red, bois d'oree, grey, or lizard-green.

Fireside Chat.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT GERMAN COOKERY.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

MARINIRTE HERINGE.—Cut open six herrings, empty them, and wash them in cold water, then lay them in milk for twelve hours.

Wash the roes quite clean, cut them up, then rub them through a hair sieve; add to them four tablespoonfuls of salad oil, enough vinegar to make the mixture the consistence of cream, one tablespoonful of capers, one tablespoonful of sliced shalots, some white pepper, and sufficient salt; drain the milk from the herrings and lay them in this pickle.

They may be served in three or four hours.

Herrings with soft roes must be chosen.

Sauerkraut is a great deal eaten in Germany.

I had so often heard it called "rotten cabbage," that I think prejudice would have prevented my tasting it had I known what it was.

I am glad I did not, for I think it very good, but, like most things, it requires to be well made and well cooked.

The following is a recipe for making it, and after is one for dressing it.

To make good sauerkraut.—Mix in a pan half a pound of salt with three finely-sliced cabbages; lay cabbage leaves over the bottom of the tub, then sprinkle a handful of salt over and a handful of juniper berries; then lay the cut cabbage in the layers, pressing it down each time and sprinkling now and then a handful of juniper berries between, until the tub is full, the top layer being cabbage; then fasten all down tightly.

After eight days, pour off the brown liquor, and if you wish the kraut to be very good and to keep well, pour over it a bottle of red wine.

In a day or two it will be ready for use.

Sauerkraut to cook.—Put sufficient sauerkraut to make a dish into an earthenware stewpan with hot water, boil it four or five hours, fill up the pan with water as it evaporates; when quite tender drain it.

Put in a stewpan four ounces of goose fat or butter, cut a small onion very fine, cook it in the fat until tender; add a spoonful of flour.

If you have some liquor in which salt meat has been boiled, add a quarter of a pint to it, stir it, and then put the cooked sauerkraut into it with a little salt.

Just before serving stir in another spoonful of goose fat or butter; serve very hot.

Sauerkraut does very well to serve with mutton or pork cutlets.

Fruits preserved with sugar and vinegar are very much eaten with baked meat.

Here is a recipe for preserving cherries, as they are eaten with roast beef and other meats.

Eingemachte Kirschen.—Morello cherries are the best for this but if you cannot get them use the common red cherries.

Cut the stalks of four pounds of fresh cherries, leaving just enough to hold them in a clean stone jar, pour over them two pints of good wine vinegar; let them stand three hours; then drain off the vinegar, and put it into a stewpan, with two pints more, three pounds of white sugar, of cinnamon, twelve cloves, the rind of a lemon or, better still, of an orange; boil it down to three pints, skimming it well as it boils. When done, pour it into a pan to cool; when nearly cold, pour it over the cherries in the jar, then tie them down.

Plums and greengages are preserved in the same way.

Cranberries, prunes, and apples are also stewed with sugar, and served with different meats.

The custom seems strange to us at first; one is inclined to refuse cherries with beef in Germany, and cause home, and eat apples with pork or goose.

The fruit is always put on a little plate by the side of the meat plate.

In parts of Germany fresh-water fish is very plentiful.

The Hecht (pike) is often the design of an inn.

Carp, eels, trout, and craw-fish are much eaten; anchovies are used a great deal in sauces and made dishes.

The German soups are good; superior to French.

I have translated the recipes for two; I have chosen them as being very different from our soups, and easy to make.

Kartoffelsuppe (Potato Soup).—Eighteen peeled and medium-sized potatoes cut in quarters; have a pint of boiling water in an iron saucepan; put the potatoes in it with a head of celery.

When the potatoes are done take out the celery, stir until you have them like a thick broth, then stir broth or boiling water in until you have two quarts of soup in the saucepan.

Put three ounces of butter in a frying-pan, with a finely chopped onion and two tablespoonfuls of flour; fry to a gold color, put in a basin, pour some of the soup on it, then stir it into the soup; boil a quarter of an hour.

When it is time to serve the soup, fry some very thin slices of roll in fresh butter; they must only be just colored; lay them in a warm napkin near the fire,

Grate a little nutmeg into the soup tureen; put a very thin slice of garlic in it, also four tablespoonfuls of sweet cream; stir the soup into the tureen.

Just before it is put on the table, turn the slices of fried bread into it.

Leibersuppe (Liver Soup).—Cut a quarter of a pound of bacon into small pieces, put in an earthenware stewpan, let it cook five minutes, then add a finely-sliced onion, cover the stewpan, let it cook five minutes more, then add half a pound of finely-chopped liver, a sliced carrot, a finely-chopped head of celery, and a little pepper; cover and let cook for twenty minutes, then add gradually three pints of hot water or broth, and the crumb of a milk roll. Let the soup stew until it is quite soft; rub through a sieve, put back in the stewpan and boil it up.

Fry some thin slices of bread in butter, put them in the soup tureen, pour the soup over them and serve.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Correspondence.

CONSTANT.—No.

M. GADDIN.—A man's heart beats 92,160 times a day.

G. B. D. — Write to the Fire Association, 8th & North Sts., Phila, Pa.

M. B. F. & O. L. D.—Both are English ladies whose names we are not at liberty to reveal.

J. C.—Dip the linen, cotton, or muslin in a solution of tungstate of soda, or common alum, and it will become incombustible.

HERBERT.—A gentleman should always offer his arm when walking with a lady at night, or any time when she requires assistance or protection.

C. W.—We would advise you to take the shades to some of the practical dyers, of whom you will find the address, in any of the New York or Philadelphia daily papers.

M. N. W.—We cannot tell you furthermore than that it is referred to as being sold in London under that name. We have never seen any announcement of it in this country.

BLENCH.—We have only had to reply twice before to such a question as you put. Call your self-respect to your aid, and conquer a passion that may otherwise make you miserable for life.

BUCKEYE.—The cost will range from $100 up to $1,000 according to length and style. We do not know the lady's exact address. Doubtless a letter addressed to New York city would reach her.

VIOLET.—Violet is an unfavorable color for every kind of complexion, because reflecting yellow, it augments that tint when it is present in the skin or hair, changes blue into green, and gives to an olive complexion a jaundiced look.

BERT.—"Elf-locks" are popularly supposed to mean hair tangled like that of an "elf" or fairy. But the elves took better care of their toilets than that, and amused themselves by "elfing" or twisting the hair of human beings and the manes of horses.

QUEEN ANNE.—1. Anne means gracious. 2. The ancients used to recommend the morning dew gathered from the grass and from flowers. We think early rising, sufficient outdoor exercise, and plenty of wholesome food should make the complexion as beautiful as it is possible to be. 3. Your handwriting is very fair.

L. K. M.—A land mile as generally understood is 1760 yards. A sea or nautical mile is 2034 yards. The logline of a vessel has a series of knots upon it. This line is thrown in the water and the number of knots which reel off in half a minute gives the vessel's speed. Thus if seven knots reel off she is going seven miles, ten knots, ten miles, etc.

L. B. L.—Who and whom are used in relation to persons, and which in relation to things. But it was once common to say "the man which." This should now be avoided. It is now usual to say, "Our Father who art in Heaven," instead of "which art in Heaven," instead of "who do you think him to be?" says, "whom do you think him to be?"

M. H. O.—Although some sects disapprove of dancing the majority of Christian churches do not, when properly conducted, is a proper place, and with proper persons. For ourselves we do not now see harm, and never have seen it in dancing under suitable circumstances. Our advice is dance all you feel inclined, bearing always in mind the above suggestions.

EVA.—We should imagine that the ring was a token of friendship only, for it is hardly likely that any man would wear a ring so conspicuously in the company of a lady whom he professed to love, if it was really a pledge of affection from another. You have doubtless teased him so much on the matter that he is revenging himself by letting your jealousy have full play.

B. B.—"Under the Rose" (sub-rosa). means in strict confidence. The story goes that Cupid gave Harpocrates (God of Silence) a rose to bribe him not to tell tales about Venus, and hence the rose became with the ancients an emblem of silence. It was hung from the ceilings of the banquet halls or sculptured thereon to remind the guests that nothing said in that room was to be uttered abroad.

DRIFTING.—You acted correctly in declining to allow the gentleman the favor he desired. Your wisest course will be to inform your mother of the acquaintance you have formed, and get permission to invite him to your house. If he is really in love with you, he will accept the invitation and give such explanations as will be satisfactory to your parents; you may then look upon him in the light of an accepted lover.

THEODOSIA.—We do not believe in the system of matrimonial advertising from a thorough conviction of its general immoral tendency. It is no proof to us that because you and we will allow you to say some others, have secured husbands by that means, that hundreds of others have not been deceived and betrayed. In its nature it is a game of chance; we may liken it to a great race, in which out of twenty starters only one wins. Where even no positive harm results, there is a large amount of mortification and annoyance.

G. D. C.—Richard Johnson, who lived in the reign of Elizabeth and James I, was the author of "The Famous Historie of the Seven Champions of Christendom." The champions were St. George of England, St. Denis of France, St. James of Spain, St. Anthony of Italy, St. Andrew of Scotland, St. Patrick of Ireland, and St. David of Wales. His book is extremely rare, having been published early in the seventeenth century and re-published in a second edition in 1824. Encyclopedias and books about curiosities of literature give further information about the Seven Champions.

J. K.—The Greeks had far higher literary and artistic gifts than any other race that has appeared in the world. In art they stand supreme: in literature they have furnished master-pieces and rules for all time: in architecture they brought their own style to perfection. Of course this does not necessarily mean that what is left of Greek art and literature is worth all that exists of art and literature besides, because all other races for two thousand years have been pupils, directly or indirectly, of the Greeks in all that pertains to beauty, and have embodied much of what Greece had to teach in her own productions, and because there are fields which did not attract the Greek mind, and experiences of which the Greek knew nothing.